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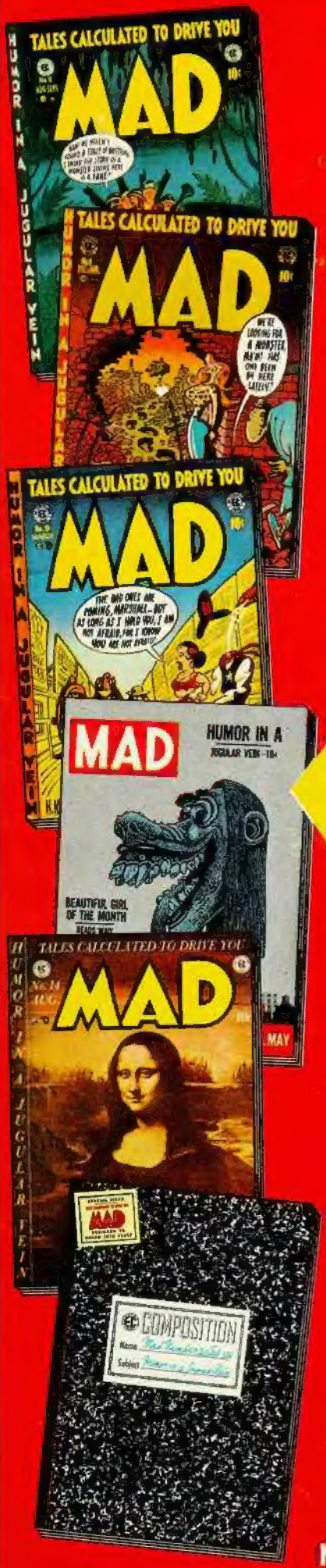

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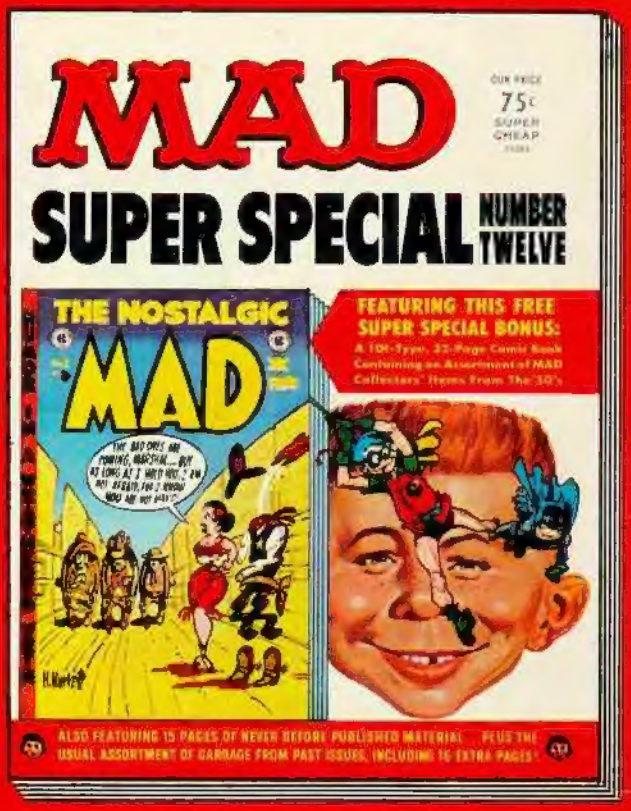

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NUMBER 165 MARCH 1974

MAD

"A Supermarket is where you spend half an hour hunting for instant coffee!"—Alfred E. Neuman

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JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*
GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, ERIKA HOLTON,
CURTIS ANDERSON, DAVID FRAZIER *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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AND THE BOND PLAYED ON DEPARTMENT
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MAD—March 1974, Volume 1, No. 165. Published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E. C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N.Y. Subscriptions: In U.S.A., 19 issues $7.00. Outside U.S.A., 19 issues $8.75. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1974 by E. C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all **MAD** fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence. Printed in U.S.A.

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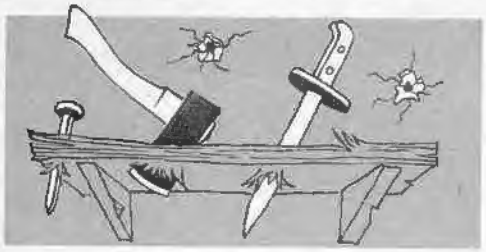
ARE YOU FILLED WITH SHELF HATE?



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LETTERS DEPT.

MALICE IN WONDERLAND

Lou Silverstone's selection of Lewis Carroll's work as an exponent of the determining agents and factors of Watergate is sublime. Carroll, as an English mathematician and lecturer, as well as an author, wrote "An Elementary Treatise On Determinants," but I doubt that even his genius could figure out the multiplicity of the Watergate insolvables.

Arthur Greenwald
Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

I never really understood Watergate until you compared it with appropriate quotations from "Alice In Wonderland." Thanks!

Roger Miller
Bergenfield, N.J.

Silverstone's and Clarke's "Malice In Wonderland" sure made me stop and think of what a circus Watergate has become. Such suitable quotes!

Polli Sturtevant
Paris, France

"Malice in Wonderland" or "Watergate—Through The Looking Glass" is the latest evidence of MAD's uncanny perception of our life and times. It's too bad the Nixon court does not think itself mortal enough to pay attention to the people it supposedly serves. Everyone should have the attitude toward life and politics that you guys do. Congratulations to Lou Silverstone and Bob Clarke. Lewis Carroll would applaud their writing and art insight.

Willard M. Dix
Amherst College
Amherst, Mass.

LEAST HORIZON

I thought your satire of "Lost Horizon" was great! I'm presently reading the novel version of it in English Class. I showed the Arnie Kogen-Angelo Torres triumph to my teacher and now she wants to conduct a lesson on it. I never thought I'd see the day that MAD would become an *educational aid.*

Doug McDonald
Thorndale, Ontario
Canada

You mentioned that the million-dollar remake of Shangri-la looked like a bad taste Miami Beach Hotel. I didn't know there was *another* kind of Miami Beach Hotel!

Sarah Giddings
Paramus, N.J.

ALFRED IN THE AIR FORCE

Thought you'd be interested in the appearance of one of Alfred E. Neuman's ancestors on an Army C-47. The photograph was taken by my father, Lyle S. Mitchell, during the early 1940's, at the Hagerstown, Maryland, airport factory of Fairchild Aircraft. No information as to whether it was a good luck plane or not is available at this time. Incidentally, I first began to enjoy reading MAD when I was in the Air Force during 1955-58.

Kent A. Mitchell
Hagerstown, Md.

We'd appreciate hearing from any World War Two veterans who flew, maintained or loaded Alfred E. Neuman's Army C-47.—Ed.

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William M. Gaines, Publisher

A MAD LOOK AT KARATE

Having just finished reading Sergio Aragones's "A MAD Look At Karate," and being a Shorin-Ryu style belt holder, I could enjoy the inherent humor of it. I was so confident after reading it, I went right out and tried to get mugged!

David Merriman
Albuquerque, N.M.

Sergio's "Karate" proves he's as *whacked-out* as the rest of you idiots!

Salvatore Celeste
Peabody, Mass.

Don Martin was, is, and probably will always be the finest contributor to your magazine, but that fiend Aragones keeps running a hard race.

James Cunningham
Oklahoma City, Okla.

THE CLODS OF '44

Reading "The Clods Of '44" reminded me of the good old days...like before this issue hit the stands!

Jim Barnes
Far Rockaway, N.Y.

I liked "Clods" by Stan Hart and Mort Drucker. It's amazing how Mort can make people kiss *and* talk at the same time.

Gina Bynum
Torrance, Calif.

LIGHTER SIDE OF CORRUPTION

I truly enjoyed Berg's "Lighter Side Of Corruption." So did my bookie.

Tim Sheehe
Fresno, Calif.

Berg neglected to mention the most corrupting influence of all. It's called MAD Magazine.

Nancy Lee Beaty
South Houston, Texas

MAD IS A FOUR-LETTER WORD

Your #163 cover that says MAD is a four-letter word should have been *five* letters...T.R.A.S.H.

Martin Pollitt
Louisville, Ky.

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ENERGY CRISIS!

Yep, we're running out of the energy necessary to come up with clever ads for these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid . . . and that's creating a crisis in our stockroom. So if you'd like to order 1 for framing, 3 for wrapping fish, 9 for lining bird cages, 27 for training puppies or 81 for burning because it's dark and/or cold due to the fuel shortage, send 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, $1.00 for 9, $2.00 for 27 or $4.00 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

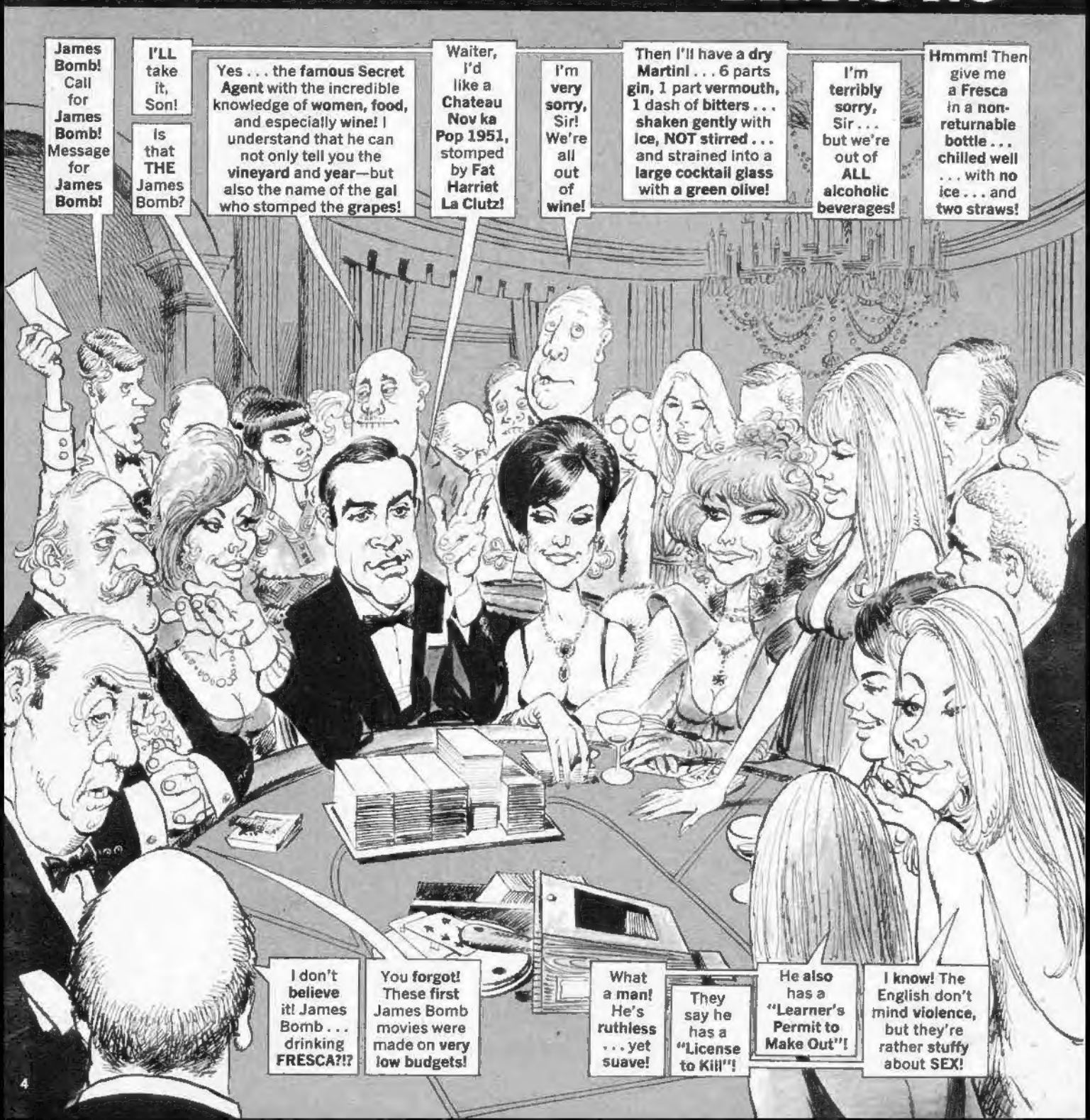
AND THE BOND PLAYS ON DEPT.

ALTHOUGH THE STARS KEEP CHANGING, "JAMES BOMB" MOVIES GO ON FOREVER! AND SO, MAD TURNS ITS

8 "JAMES BOMB

YES, NOSTALGIA FANS! REMEMBER YEARS AGO, WHEN THE "JAMES BOMB" MANIA FIRST SWEPT THE COUNTRY AND EVERYBODY WAS RUNNING TO SEE

"DR. NO-NO"

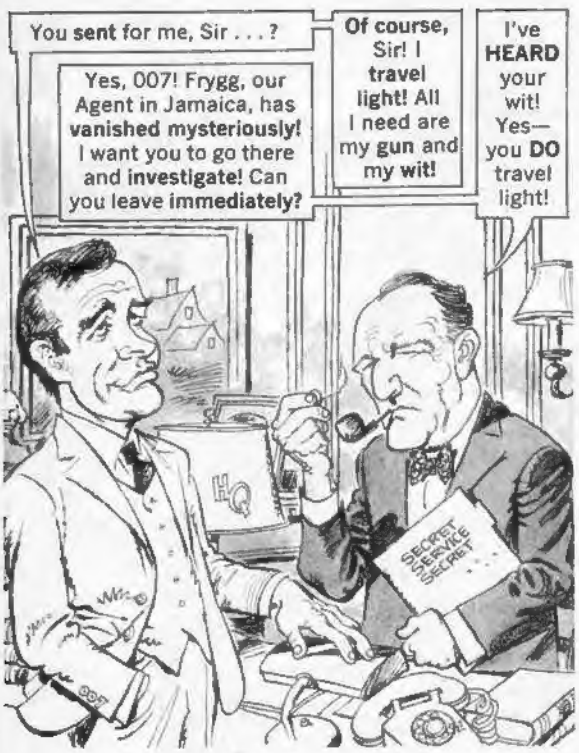


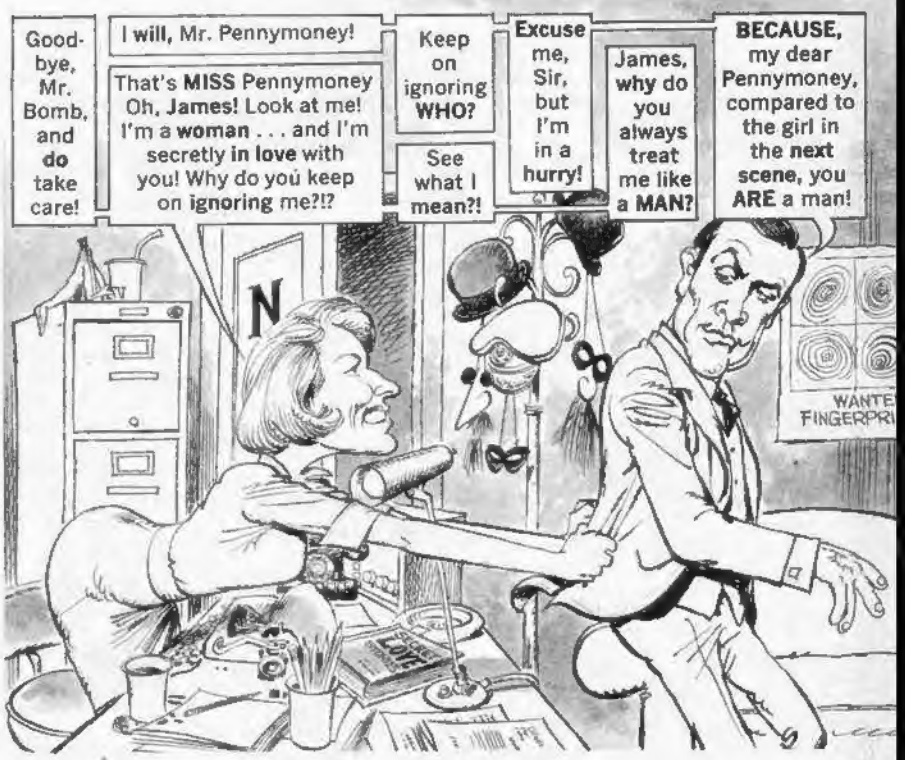
SATIRICAL SPOTLIGHT ON THIS BOX OFFICE PHENOMENON, AND BRINGS ITS READERS UP TO DATE ON . . .

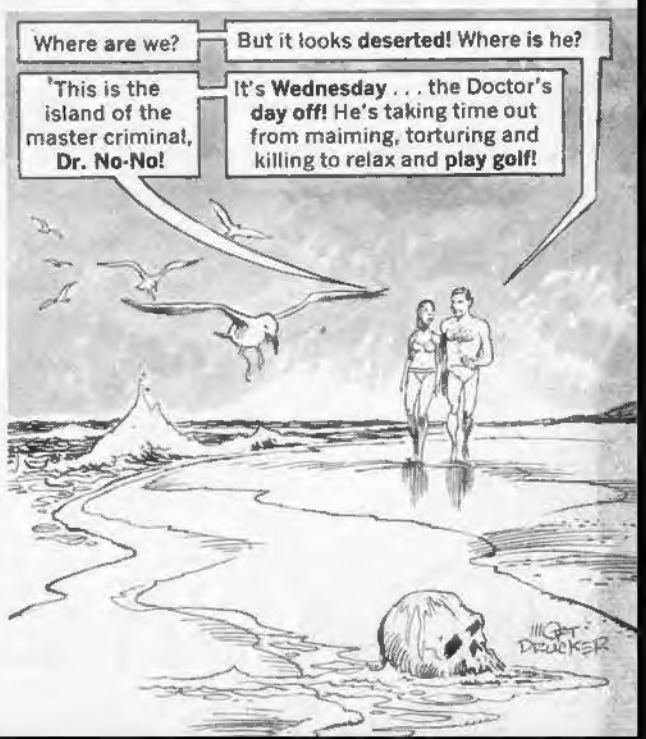
"BOMB MOVIES

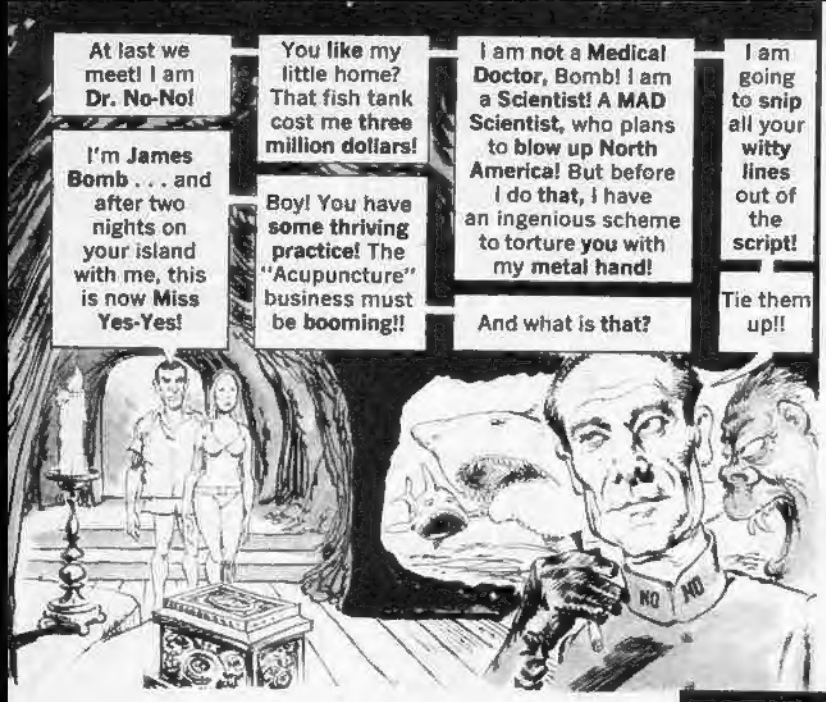
A MAD RETROSPECT ...WITH NO RESPECT

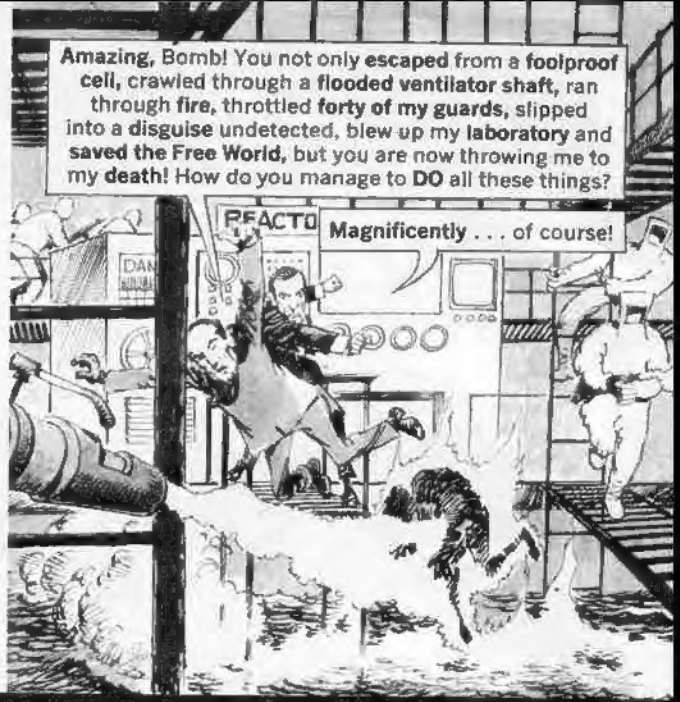
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN











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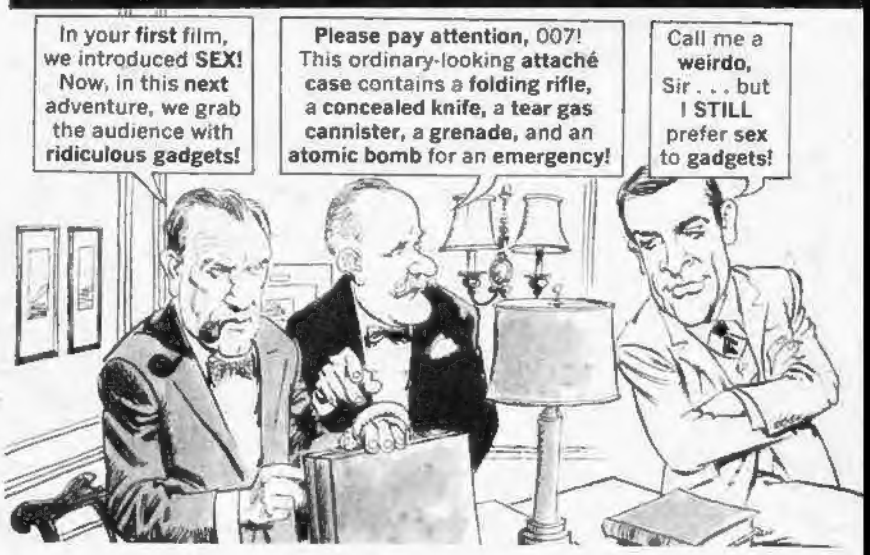
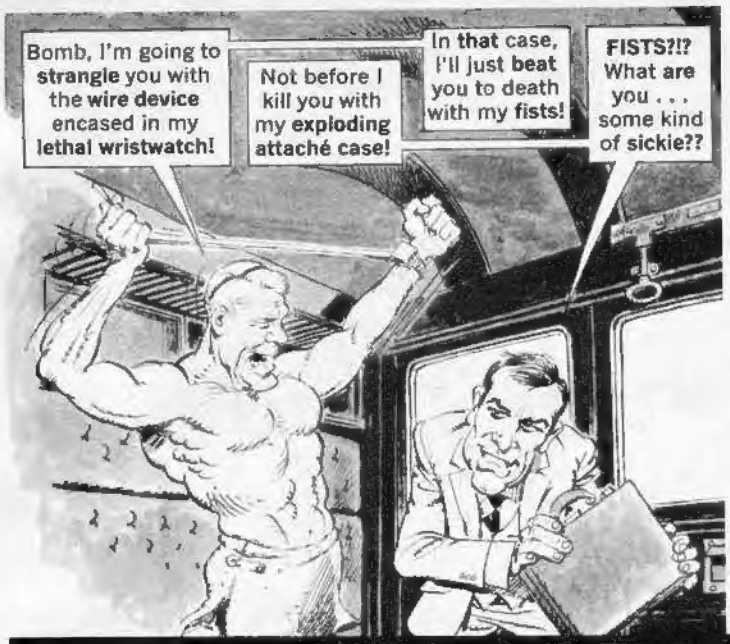
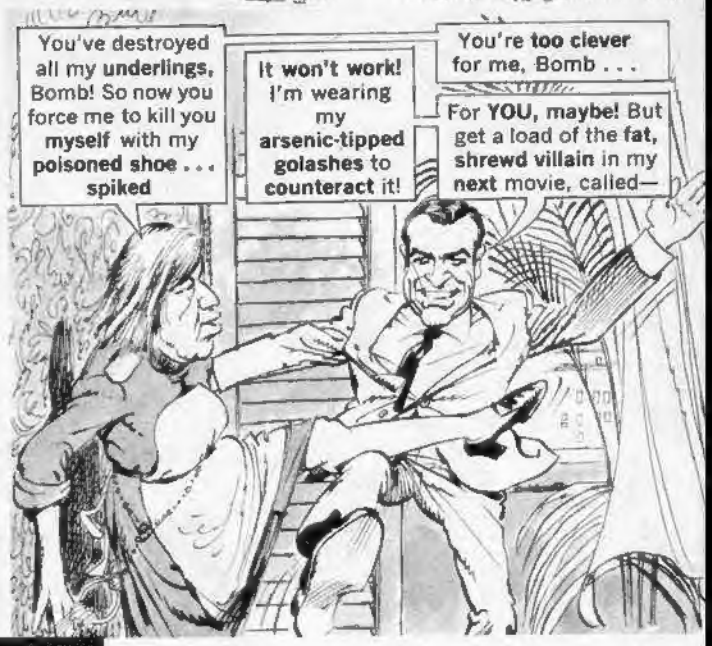
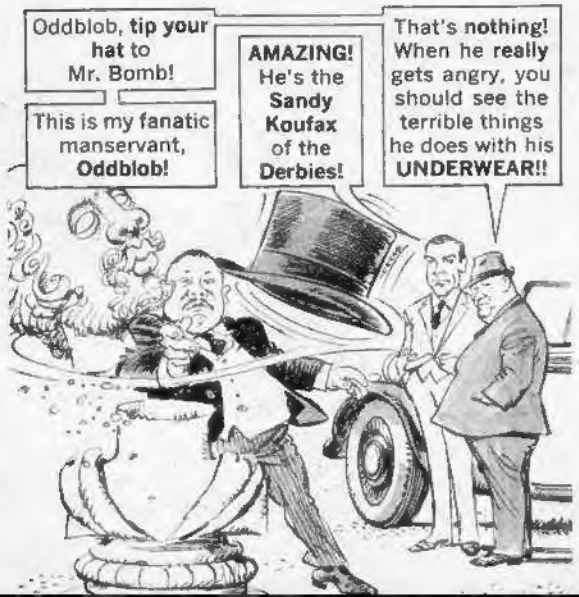
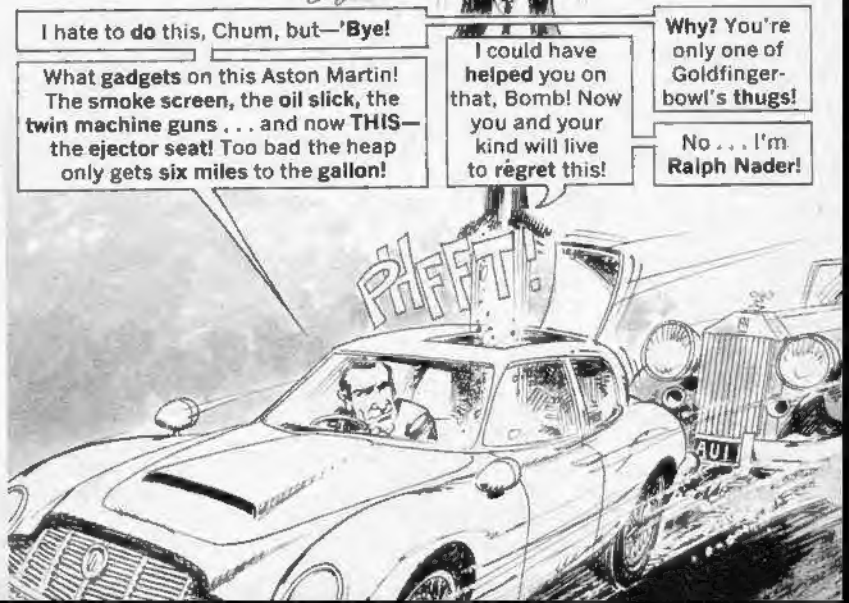






"GOLDFINGER BOWL"





You're becoming a **nuisance**, Bond! Tell me what you know about **"Operation Grand Slam"**!

Hah!! Do you **REALLY** expect me to **talk**, Goldfingerbowl??

Oh, **you'll** talk, all right! And if the laser beam **continues moving** as it is, you'll talk in a **very high-pitched voice!**

I'm **Tushy Galore**, and I'm a **Judo expert!**

You force me to **beat you up**, Tushy Galore!

Because I work for **Goldfingerbowl?**

No . . . because people are walking out of theaters all over the world talking about **YOUR** name, not **MINE** . . . and I have an **incredible ego!**

See that building?! Right there is the **biggest gold supply** in the Free World!

That's Fort Knox?!?

No, that's the offices of **Crockoli** and **Saltzpeter** . . . the **Producers** . . . who are making a **mint** ripping off the **public** with **ludicrous movies** like this one!

Fort Knox is a little further on!

. . . and that's my **plan**, Bomb! I will **destroy** the **gold supply** stored in **Fort Knox**, and turn the **American economy** into **complete** and **utter chaos!**

Why go to all that **trouble?** Why not just **WAIT** a few years . . . until **President Nixon** announces his **Phase I** through **Phase IV Price Control Programs?!?** You want **chaos** . . . **THAT'S chaos!**

And now for one of the **all-time classic cinema fights**, ranking along with such **great battles** as **Marlon Brando** and **Lee J. Cobb's** in **"On The Waterfront"**. . . **John Wayne** and **Victor McLaglen's** in **"The Quiet Man"**. . . and **Frank Sinatra** and **Ernest Borgnine's** in **"From Here To Eternity"**!

Actually, it's more like **Kitty** trying to take on **Matt Dillon** in **"Gunsmoke"**!

Hope you get a **"charge"** out of this, Oddblob! That's one of my **"current" jokes!**

Please! Enough! **Enough!**

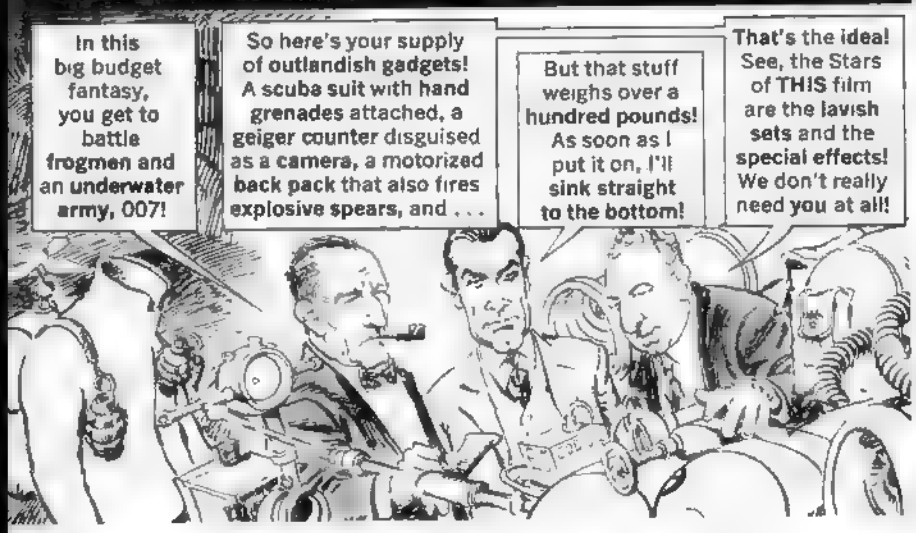
Enough electric shock?

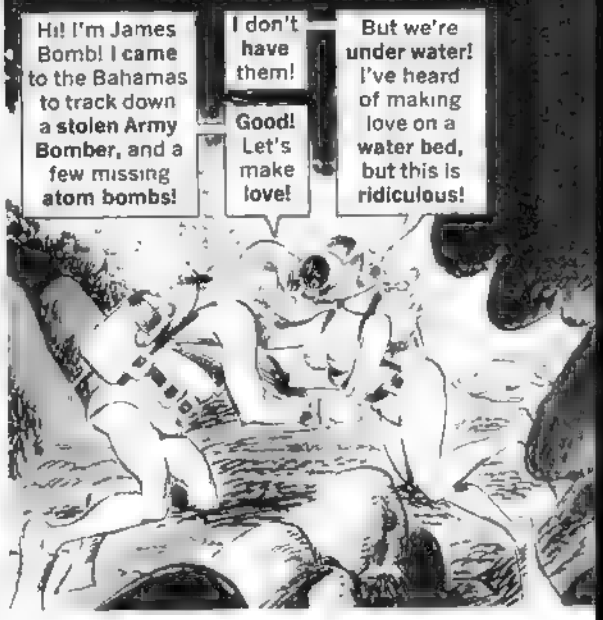
No, the shock I rather **like!** Enough **clever dialogue!**

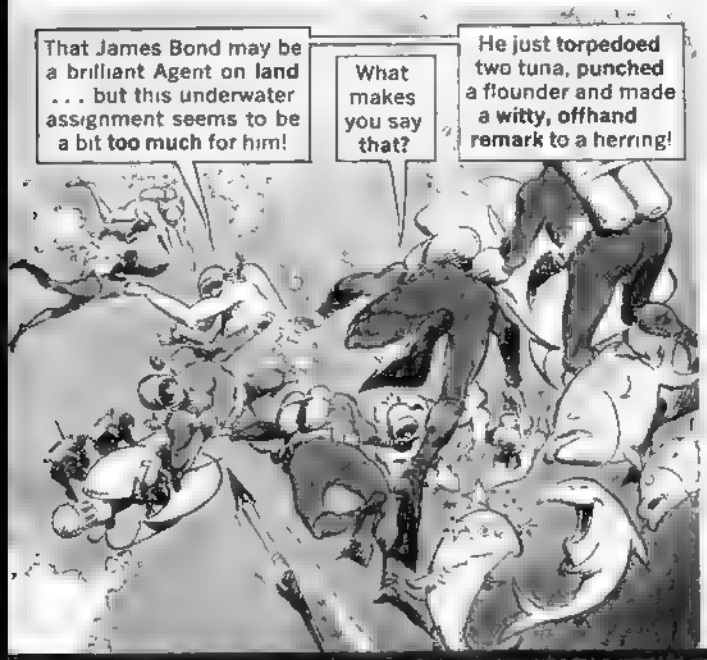
Sorry . . . but the clever dialogue will have to carry us through the **next few pictures**, because we're starting to run thin on **gimmicks!**

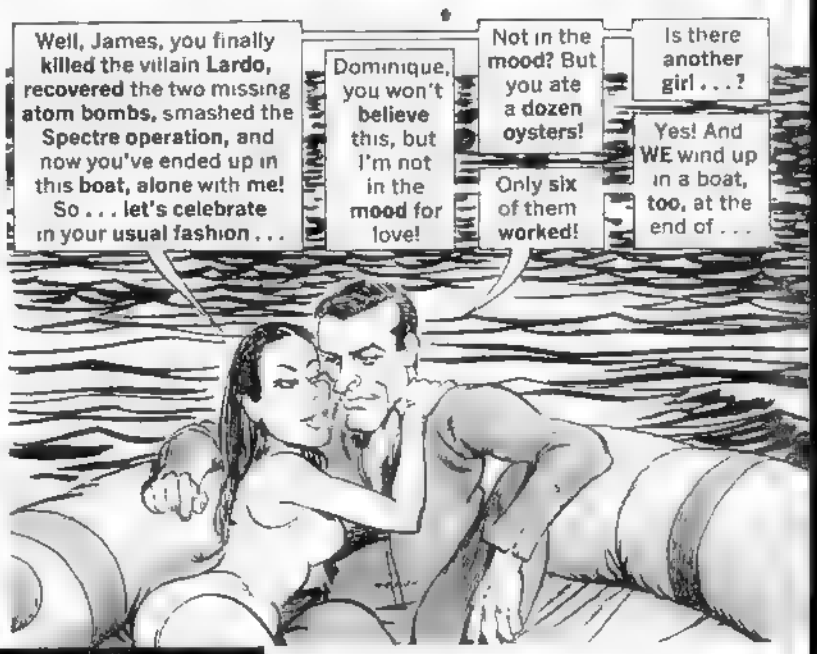
Not yet! Next is probably the **most spectacular**, but probably the **DULLEST** one of **all**—

"THUNDEBLAHH"









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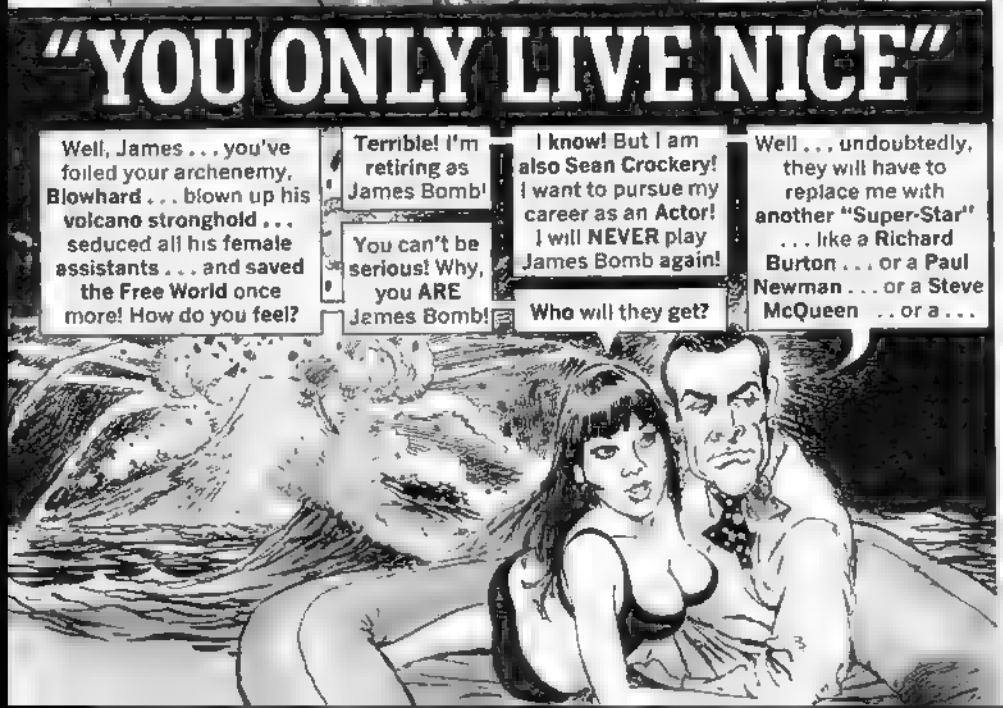
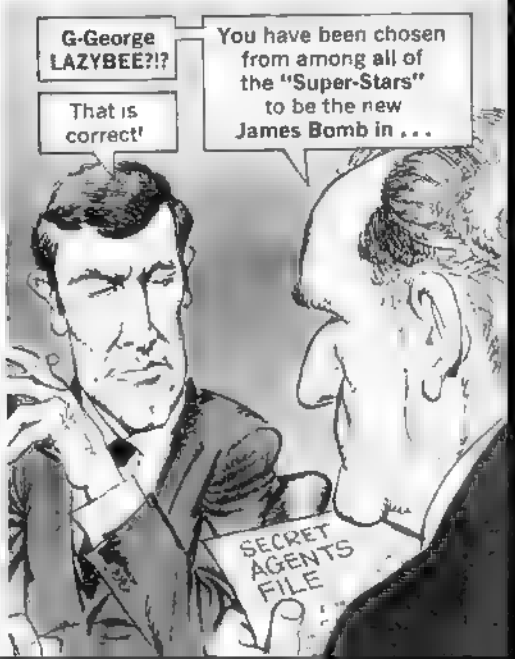
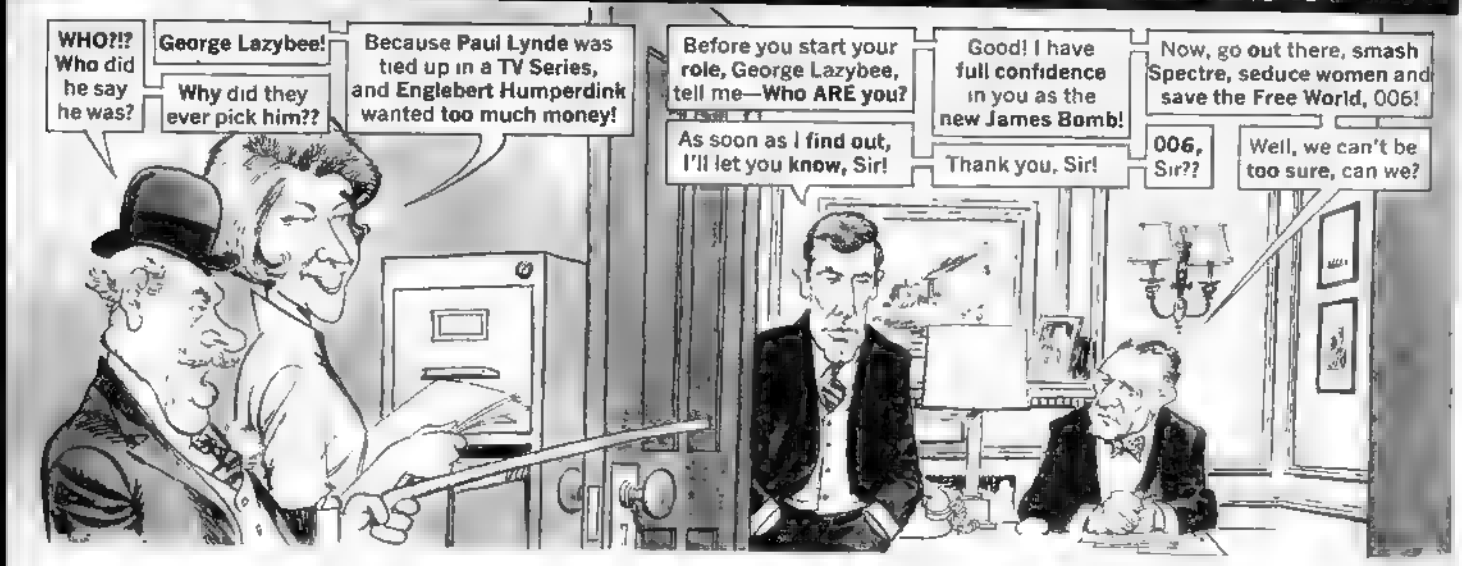
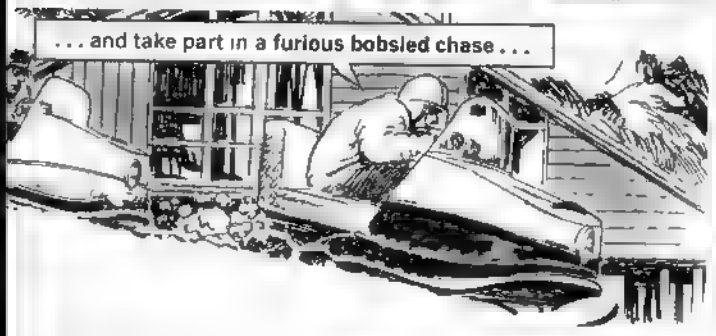
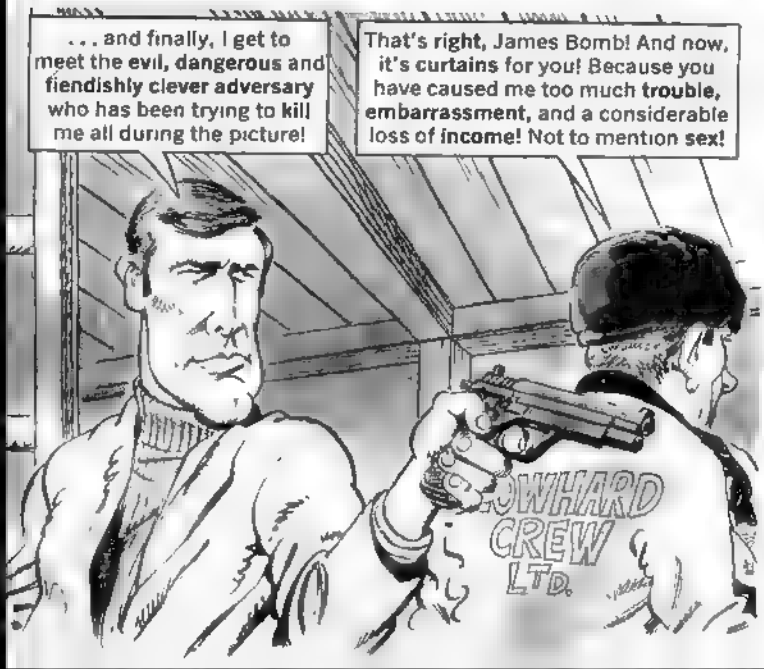


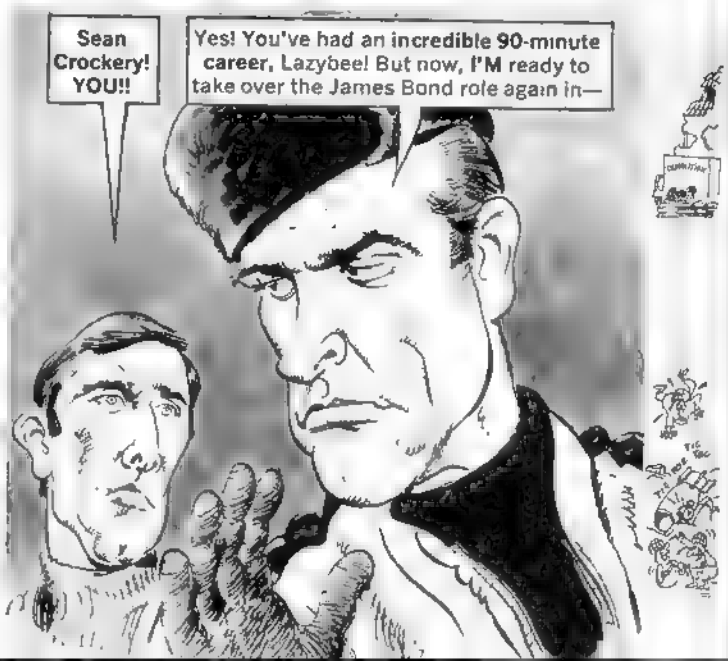


"ON HIS MAJESTY'S SECRET SHAMUS"









"DOLLARS ARE FOREVER"

Well, Sean? What changed your mind and made you put on your shoulder holster again?

Two reasons! First, the money they offered was incredible—

And the other . . . ?

In two years, the only other career offer I got was a chance to sit in the middle box on "Hollywood Squares!"

But now, you are older and considerably fatter! Do you think you can handle the rigors of playing James Bomb?

W—why not? Of course I can!

Here we are in a zany chase scene, barrelling through Las Vegas!

. . . And LOOK! James Bomb's car is tipping over on two wheels! What a great Stunt Driver they've got!!

That's no Stunt Driver! That's BOMB!! He HAS put on weight!

Say! You're Jill St. Joe, the gal who dates Henry Kissingfool, aren't you!?

That's right!

Tell me, how do I compare to him?

Well, he's sexy!

I'M sexy!

He's very witty . . . and charming!

I'M very witty . . . and charming!

He has a brilliant future ahead of him!

I'M very witty . . . and charming!

Hurry!! It's hanging by a thin thread!

The rope?

No . . . my career!

Please!! Allow me to end that career, and start MINE . . . in

"LIVE AND LET SUFFER"

Get dressed, Bomb! You're off on a new assignment! We're predicting that this picture will do fantastic Box Office!

Impossible! You've got a cast of UNKNOWNS . . . with me leading them!

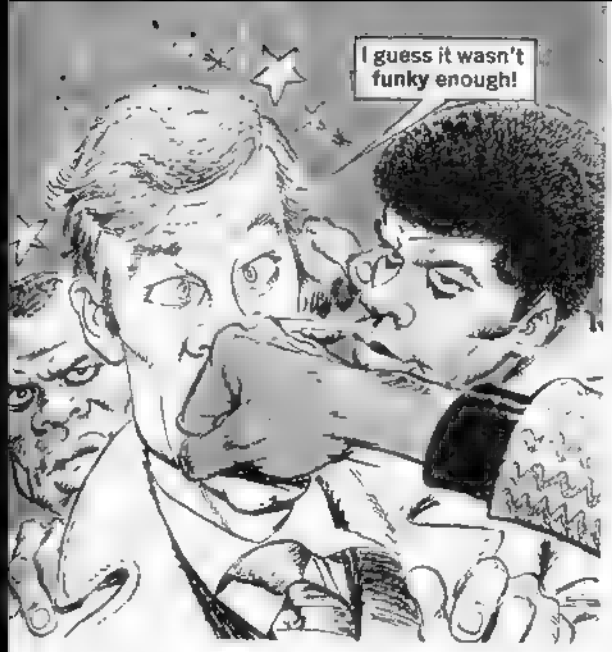
Yes . . . but we've got Paul McCartney to sing the Title Song!

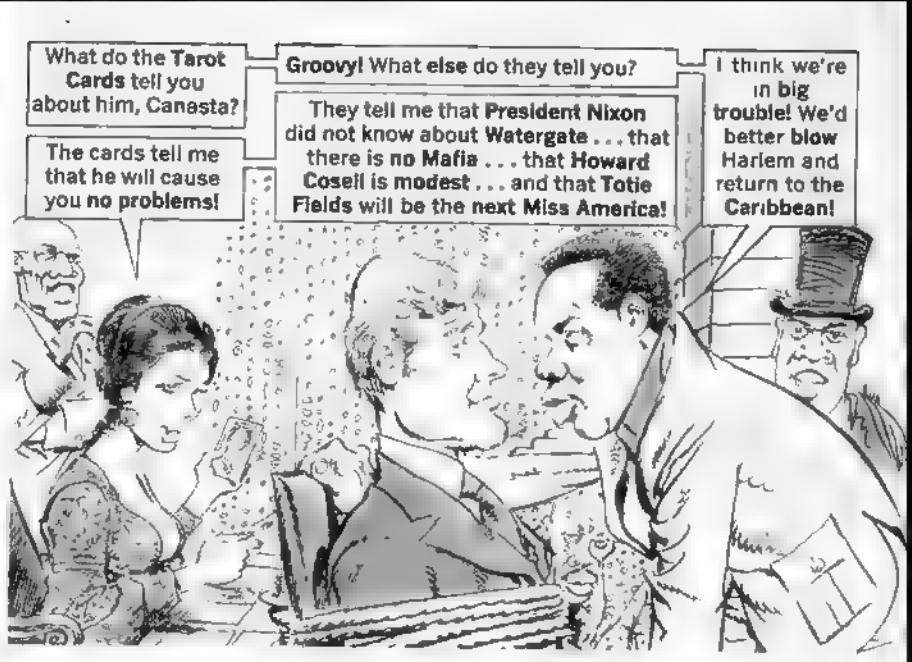
My assignment is to find "Mr. Big" of Harlem! I think I'll just lean against this bar with my blond hair and blue eyes, Oxford clothes and English accent, and casually blend in so they won't notice me!

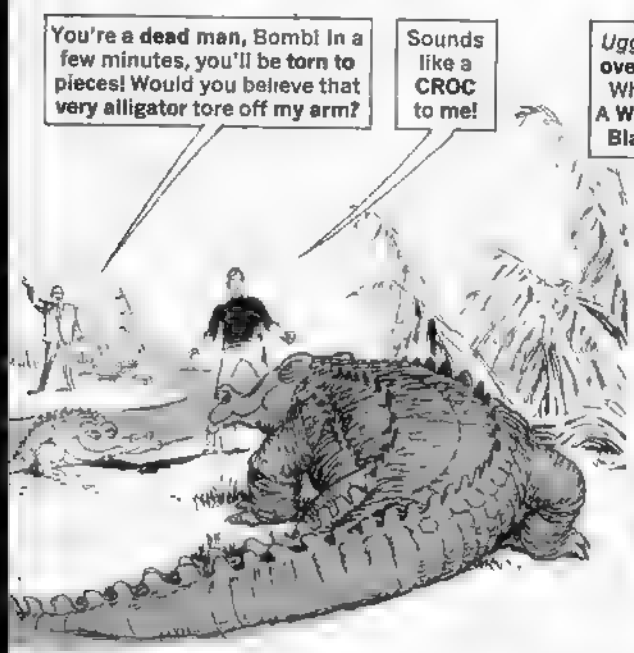
What will it be, Honky?

I'd better give him some funky "Soul Talk" so he thinks I'm a friend!

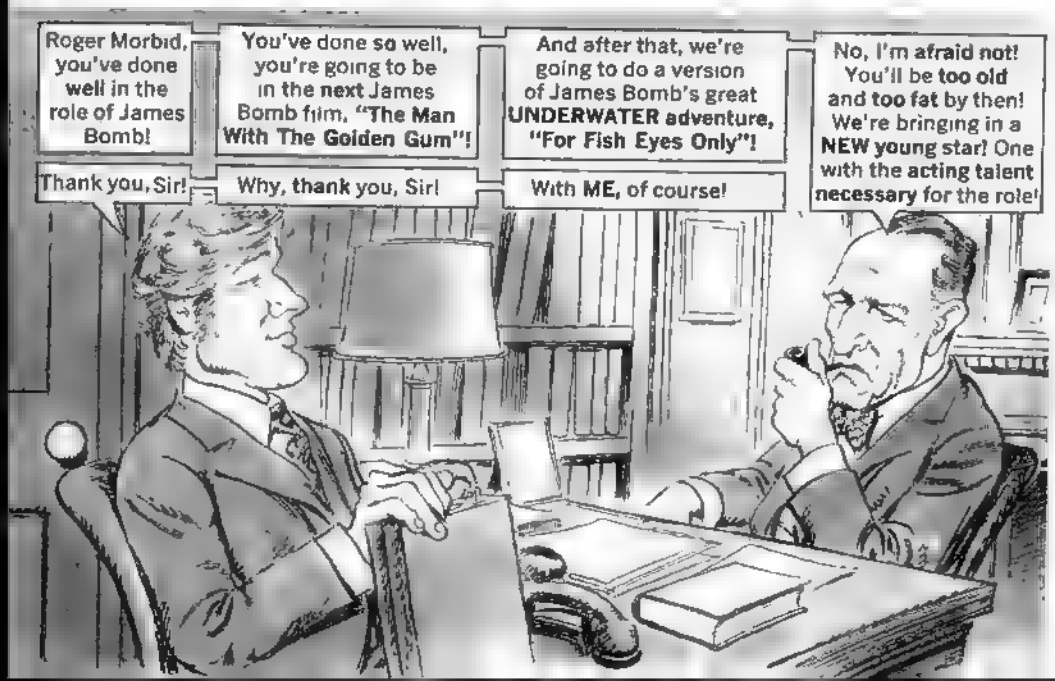
I say! How about that Hank Aaron! He certainly is a credit to his Race!

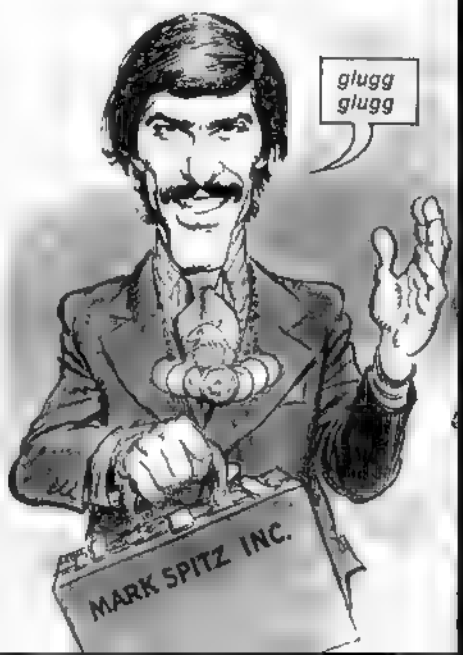

I guess it wasn't funky enough!


What do the Tarot Cards tell you about him, Canasta?
Groovy! What else do they tell you?
I think we're in big trouble! We'd better blow Harlem and return to the Caribbean!
They tell me that President Nixon did not know about Watergate . . . that there is no Mafia . . . that Howard Cosell is modest . . . and that Totie Fields will be the next Miss America!
The cards tell me that he will cause you no problems!


You're a dead man, Bomb! In a few minutes, you'll be torn to pieces! Would you believe that very alligator tore off my arm?
Sounds like a CROC to me!

Uggh! Ooolf! You-you've overpowered me, Bomb! What a cultural switch! A White Man beating up a Black in a modern film!
It's a form of sweet revenge!
For the Secret Agents we killed? For subjecting your girlfriend to the pain of Voodoo torture?
No, for the Box Office success of Black Movies like "Shaft"!


Roger Morbid, you've done well in the role of James Bomb!
You've done so well, you're going to be in the next James Bomb film, "The Man With The Golden Gum"!
And after that, we're going to do a version of James Bomb's great UNDERWATER adventure, "For Fish Eyes Only"!
No, I'm afraid not! You'll be too old and too fat by then! We're bringing in a NEW young star! One with the acting talent necessary for the role!
Thank you, Sir!
Why, thank you, Sir!
With ME, of course!


glugg glugg
MARK SPITZ INC.

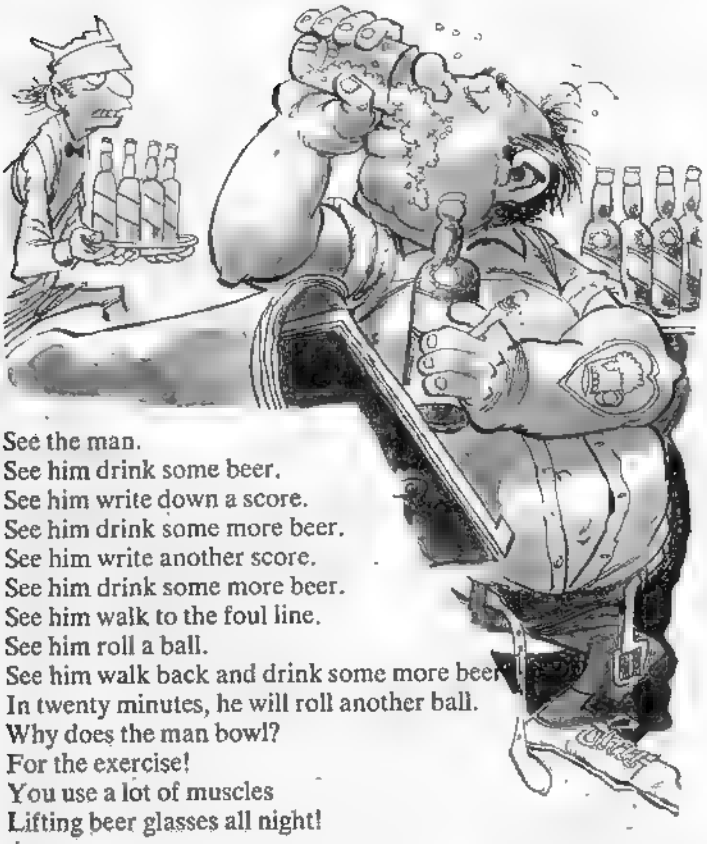
ALLEY BE PRAISED DEPT.

Now that the war in Vietnam is finally over . . . here is a Primer on Bowling. And if you think this is the most ridiculous introduction to a MAD article you've ever read, wait'll you read the article! Anyway, here's . . .

THE MAD BOWLING PRIMER

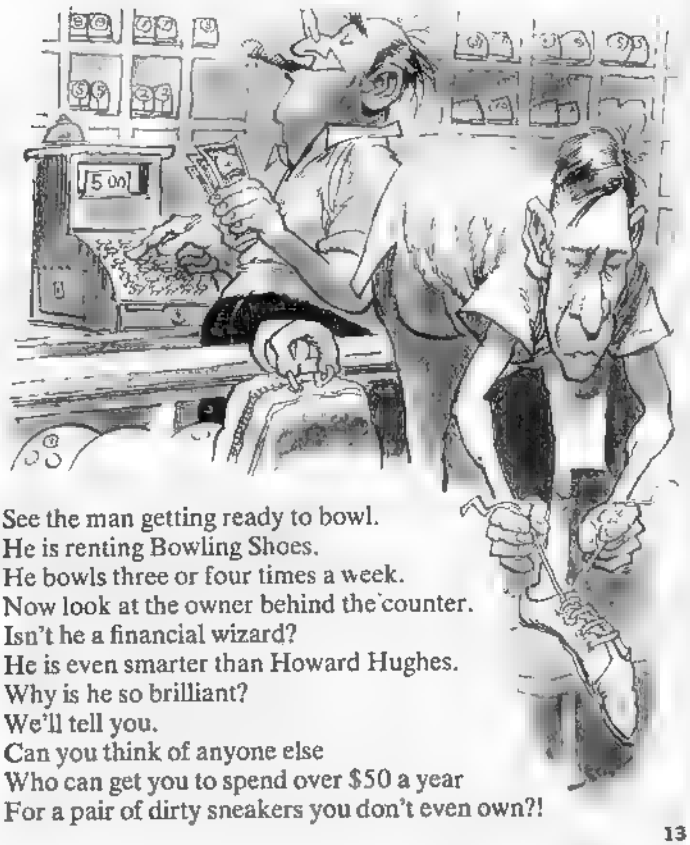
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

CHAPTER 1.



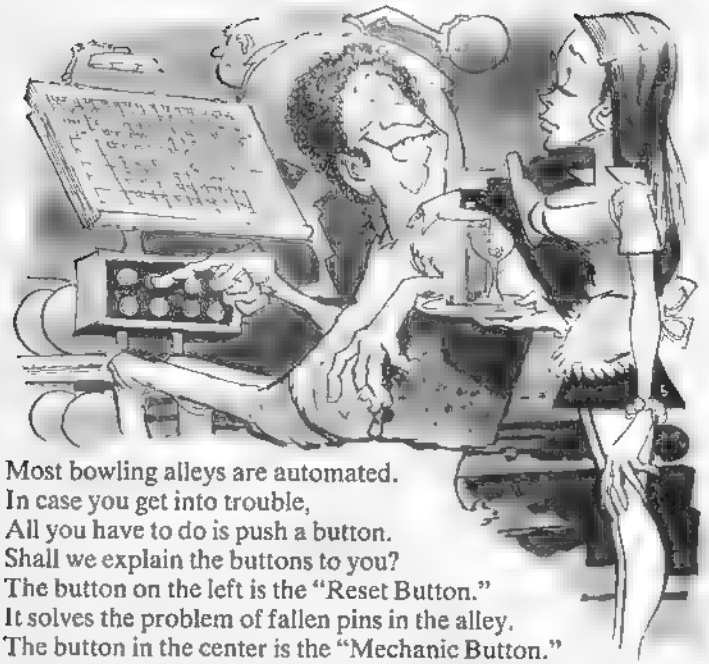
See the man.
See him drink some beer.
See him write down a score.
See him drink some more beer.
See him write another score.
See him drink some more beer.
See him walk to the foul line.
See him roll a ball.
See him walk back and drink some more beer.
In twenty minutes, he will roll another ball.
Why does the man bowl?
For the exercise!
You use a lot of muscles
Lifting beer glasses all night!

CHAPTER 2.



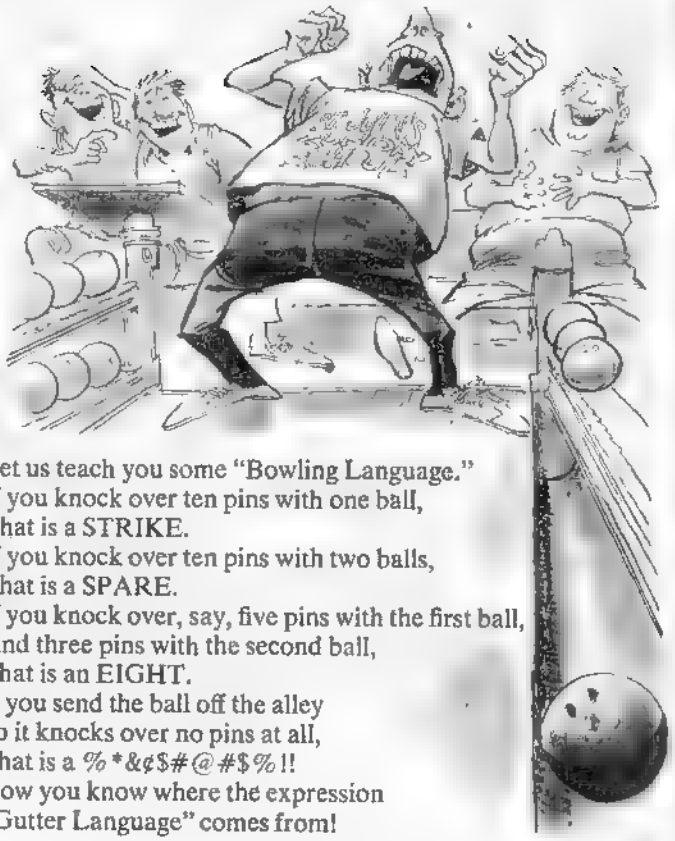
See the man getting ready to bowl.
He is renting Bowling Shoes.
He bowls three or four times a week.
Now look at the owner behind the counter.
Isn't he a financial wizard?
He is even smarter than Howard Hughes.
Why is he so brilliant?
We'll tell you.
Can you think of anyone else
Who can get you to spend over $50 a year
For a pair of dirty sneakers you don't even own?!

CHAPTER 3.



Most bowling alleys are automated.
In case you get into trouble,
All you have to do is push a button.
Shall we explain the buttons to you?
The button on the left is the "Reset Button."
It solves the problem of fallen pins in the alley.
The button in the center is the "Mechanic Button."
It solves the problems not covered by the "Reset Button."
The button on the right is the "Service Button."
It brings the waitress with the booze.
It won't necessarily help you with your bowling.
But it will help you forget the biggest problem of all,
Namely, that the other two buttons never work!

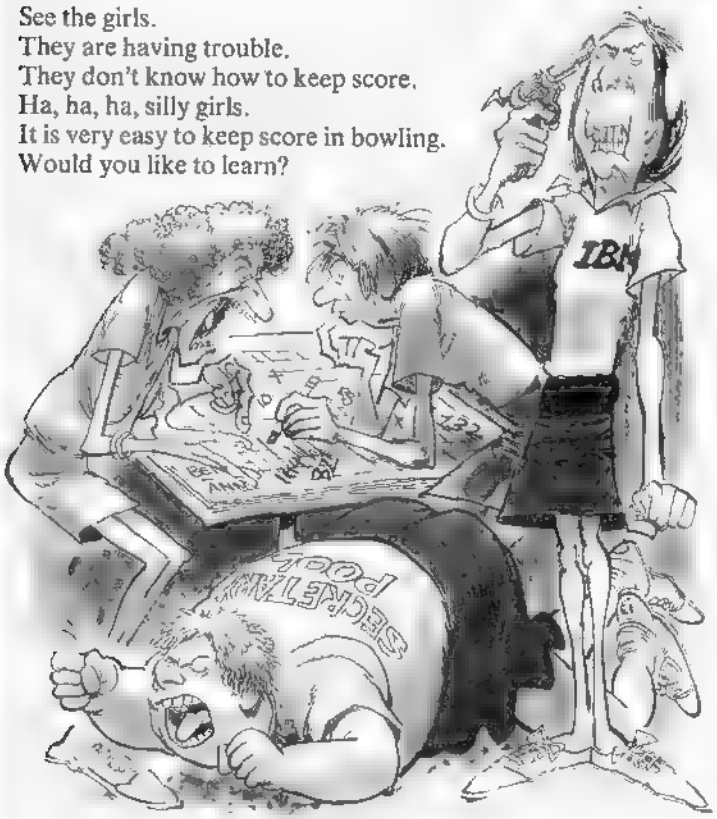
CHAPTER 4.



Let us teach you some "Bowling Language."
If you knock over ten pins with one ball,
That is a STRIKE.
If you knock over ten pins with two balls,
That is a SPARE.
If you knock over, say, five pins with the first ball,
And three pins with the second ball,
That is an EIGHT.
If you send the ball off the alley
So it knocks over no pins at all,
That is a %*&¢$#@#$%!!
Now you know where the expression
"Gutter Language" comes from!

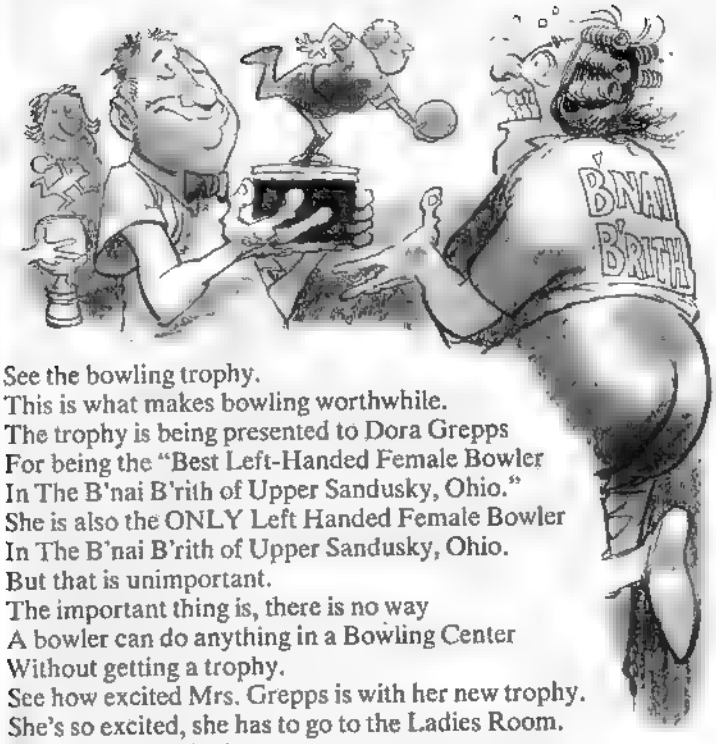
CHAPTER 5.

See the girls.
They are having trouble.
They don't know how to keep score.
Ha, ha, ha, silly girls.
It is very easy to keep score in bowling.
Would you like to learn?



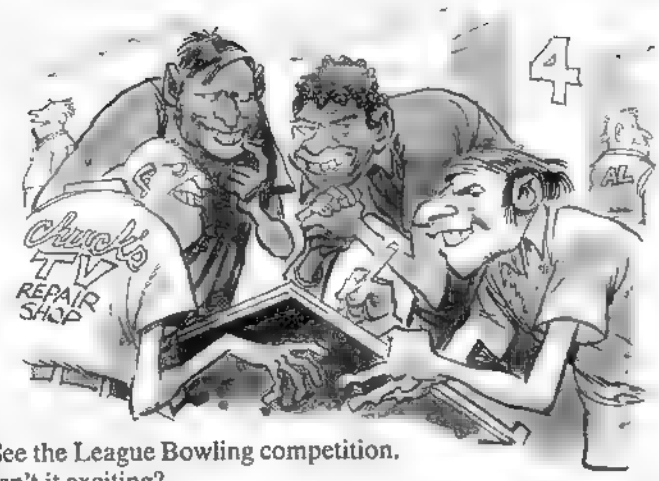
Okay, in the first frame, enter the amount of pins
You knock over with both balls in the first inning,
Unless you get a "Spare."
A "Spare" is 10, plus what you get on your next ball,
Which you enter in the first frame,
And add to it the total you knock over
With both balls in the second inning,
Which you enter in the second frame,
Unless you bowl another "Spare"
In which case, you repeat the procedure,
Except if you bowl a "Strike" in the first inning,
In which case, you have 10,
Plus what you get with your next two balls,
Unless the first ball of the second inning is also a "Strike",
In which case, you have 20,
But you have to wait for the third inning
To find out what you knock over with your third ball,
In order to add it to the 20, and enter it in the first frame,
And then add the second inning's 10 to that,
Plus what you get with your third and fourth balls,
And enter that in the second frame,
Unless your fourth ball is a "Strike"
In which case you repeat the procedure,
Except if you bowl a "Spare" or a "Strike" in the 10th frame,
In which case, you kill yourself!
Now, would you like to learn about the blue lines in Hockey?

CHAPTER 6.



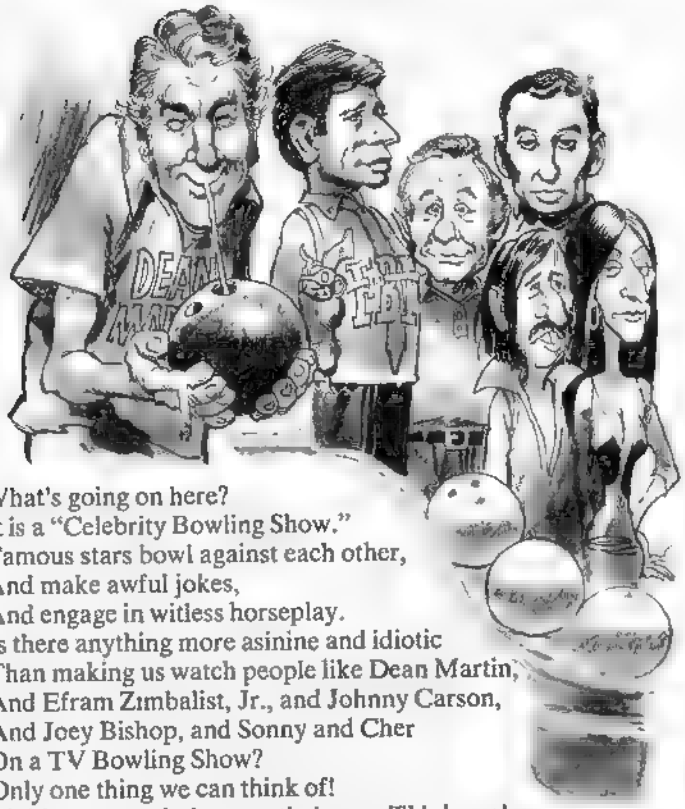
See the bowling trophy.
This is what makes bowling worthwhile.
The trophy is being presented to Dora Grepps
For being the "Best Left-Handed Female Bowler
In The B'nai B'rith of Upper Sandusky, Ohio."
She is also the ONLY Left Handed Female Bowler
In The B'nai B'rith of Upper Sandusky, Ohio.
But that is unimportant.
The important thing is, there is no way
A bowler can do anything in a Bowling Center
Without getting a trophy.
See how excited Mrs. Grepps is with her new trophy.
She's so excited, she has to go to the Ladies Room.
When she is finished,
The matron will give her a towel,
And a bar of soap,
And another trophy.

CHAPTER 7.



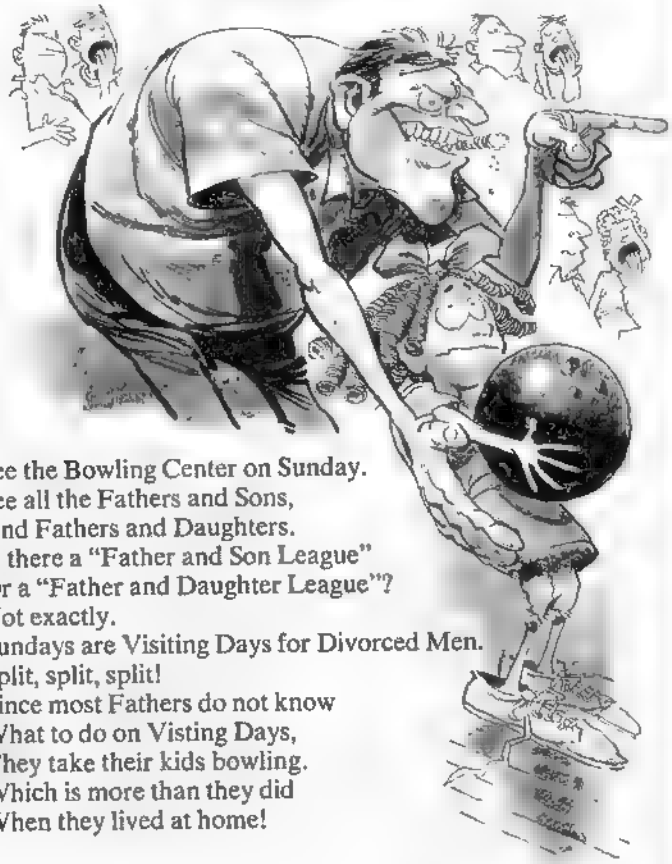
See the League Bowling competition.
Isn't it exciting?
All the greats and near-greats of Industry are here.
Look, there's the team from "Al's Service Station",
And the gang from "Barney's Moving and Storage",
And the boys from "Cy's Poultry Market".
See the team in the fourth alley.
They have just finished a game.
Their combined score is 421.
But when they submit their score sheet
It will read "792"...
Do you find that hard to understand?
That's the team from "Chuck's TV Repair Shop"!
Now do you understand?

CHAPTER 8.



What's going on here?
It is a "Celebrity Bowling Show."
Famous stars bowl against each other,
And make awful jokes,
And engage in witless horseplay.
Is there anything more asinine and idiotic
Than making us watch people like Dean Martin,
And Efram Zimbalist, Jr., and Johnny Carson,
And Joey Bishop, and Sonny and Cher
On a TV Bowling Show?
Only one thing we can think of!
Making us watch them on their *own* TV shows!

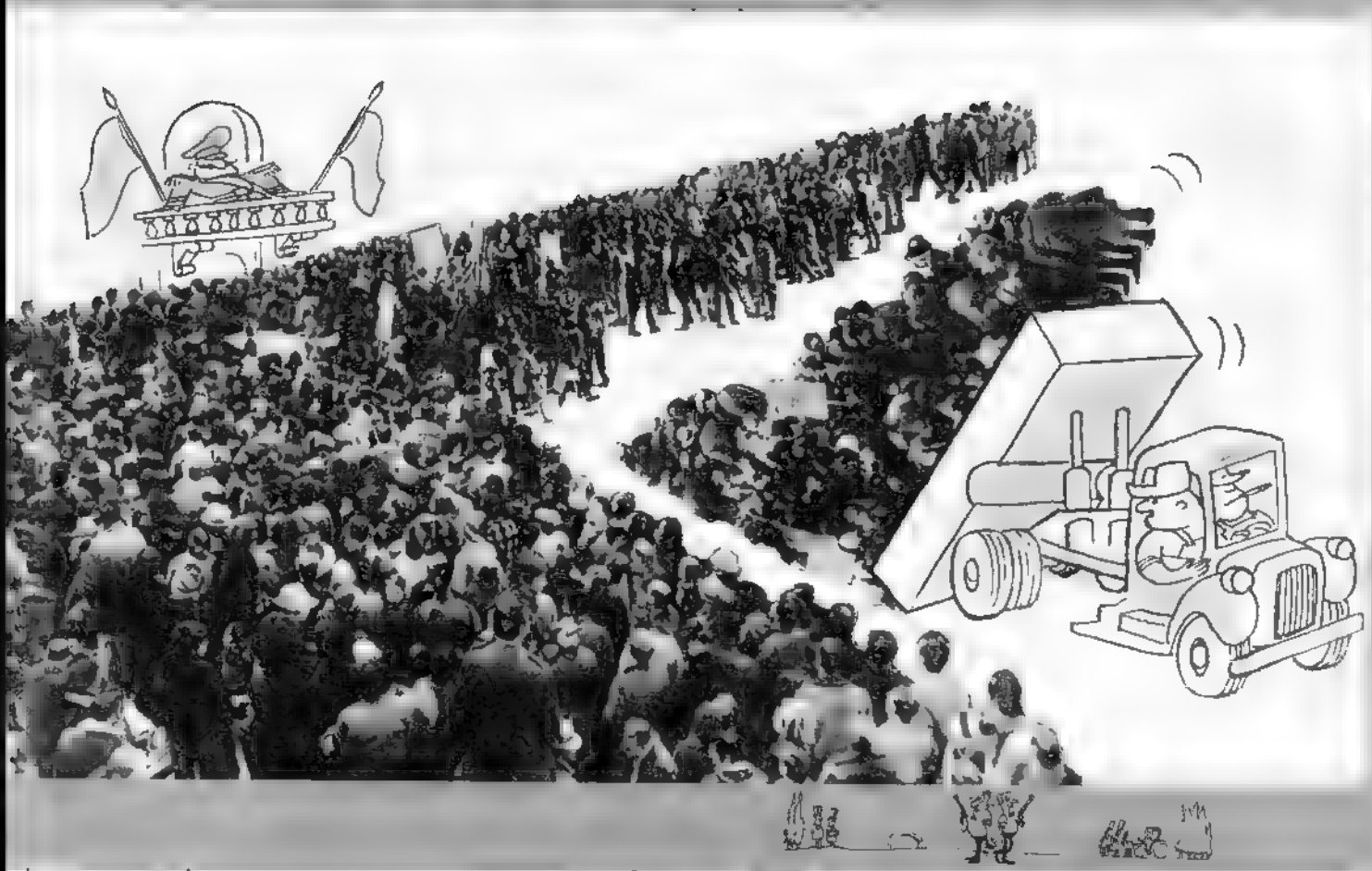
CHAPTER 9.

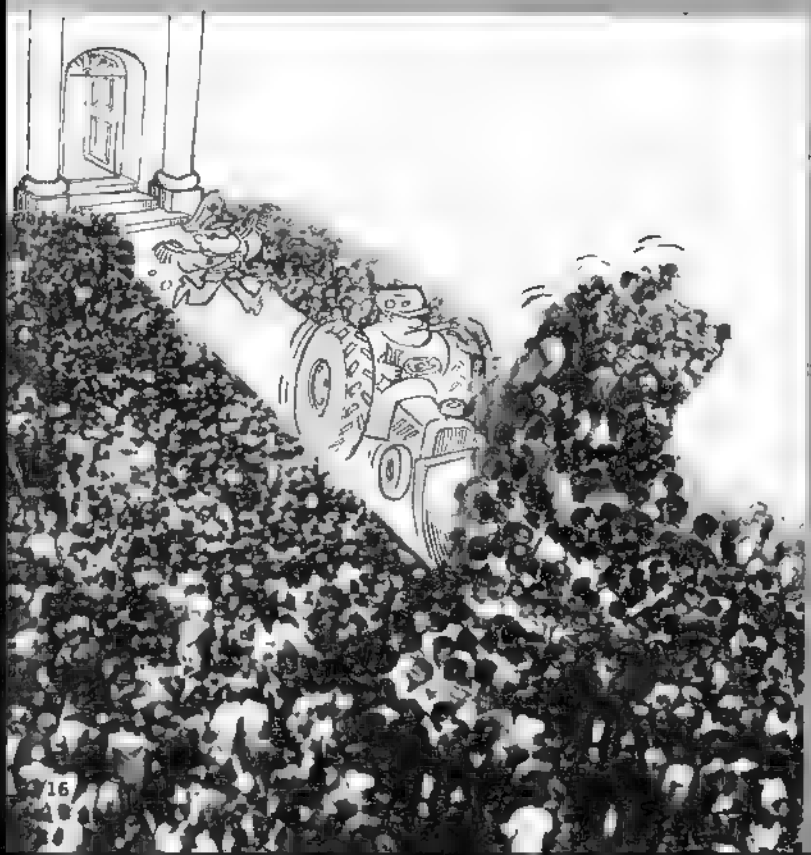


See the Bowling Center on Sunday.
See all the Fathers and Sons,
And Fathers and Daughters.
Is there a "Father and Son League"
Or a "Father and Daughter League"?
Not exactly.
Sundays are Visiting Days for Divorced Men.
Split, split, split!
Since most Fathers do not know
What to do on Visting Days,
They take their kids bowling.
Which is more than they did
When they lived at home!

OUT, DAMNED DESPOT DEPT.

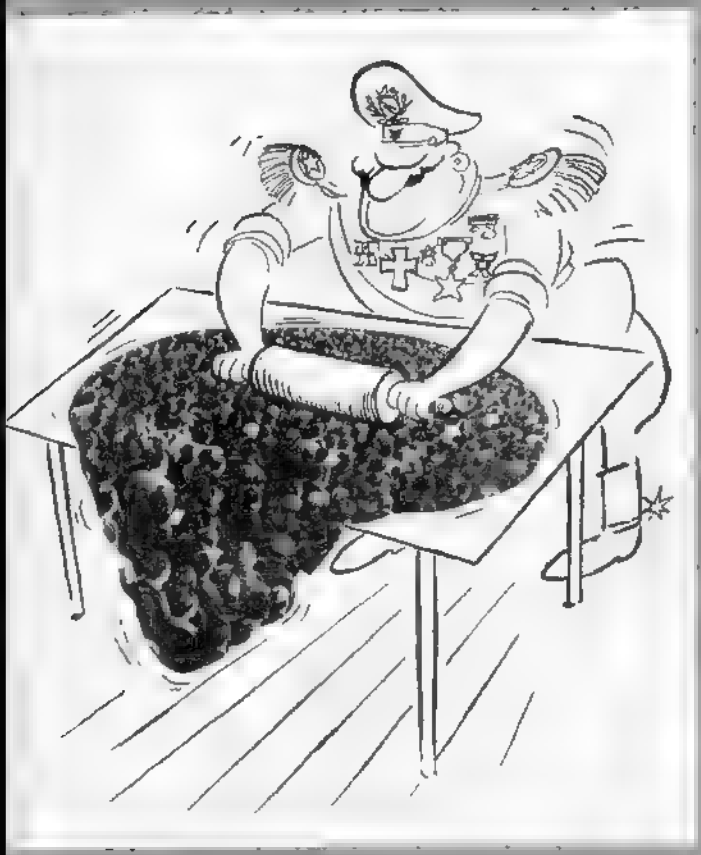
A MAD LOOK



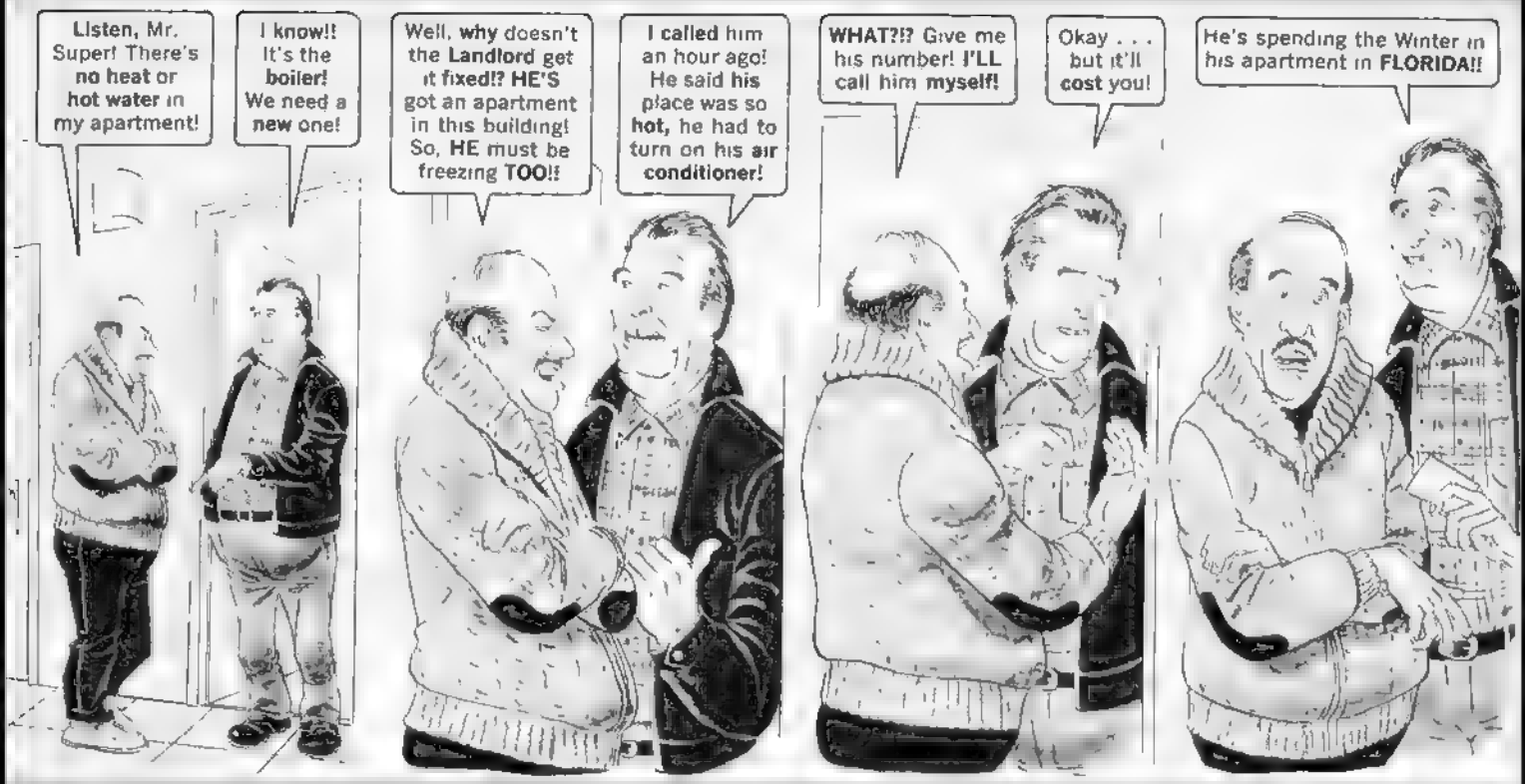


AT TYRANTS

ARTIST & WRITER: ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI



PHOTOS BY UPI & WIDE WORLD



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... COLD

WEATHER

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

There's a **really good movie** playing downtown, but I'm afraid to go out and brave the **cold!** I wish I knew how to see it and **still stay warm!**

Oh . . . **that's easy!!**

You use the **old Boy Scout trick!** You dress in **layers!** First, underwear . . . then a blouse . . . then a sweater . . . then another sweater . . . then a jacket . . . then a coat! Each layer forms a **warm air pocket!**

Then, after that, you sit down here by the **fireplace** . . . and you **wait!**

You **WAIT?!** For **WHAT?!**

For about **two years** . . . when you can see the movie on **TV!**

Oh, my! It's a regular **blizzard** out there! You'd better **DRIVE** Kenny to school today!

Okay! Get his clothes on!

I'd better bundle you up **good!**

Okay!! He's **ready!!**

WHO's ready?! I see his **CLOTHES** . . .

. . . but **where's the KID?!?**

A **cold front** from **Canada** is rapidly moving into **our area**—

. . bringing with it a **rapid drop** in **temperatures!**

Right!

Right!

We can therefore expect **two** to **three inches** of **snow** by morning!

So I advise you to take the **proper precautions!**

Right!

Right!

Well . . . ?! Don't just sit there! Rush down and have **Anti-Freeze** put into the car radiator, and have the **Snow Tires** installed . . . like the Weatherman **says!**

Nahhhh!

He's NEVER right!!

Brrrrr! I-I'm chilled to the bones!
Poor dear! Let me give you a shot of this whiskey! It'll warm you up!

Ahhh! That's good! But I'm still chilled to the bones! Better give me another . . .
Surely! Here you are!

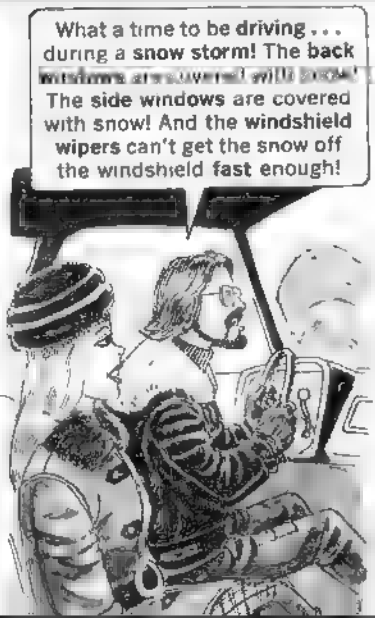
Brrrrr! One more, please . . .
Okay! Here you are!

How are you now, Dear . . . still chilled to the bones?
No . . . soused t' th' gills!!

This house is FREEZING!! There's a draft that's going right through me! Some damn fool left a door or a window open somewhere!!

AH-HAH!! I THOUGHT SO!

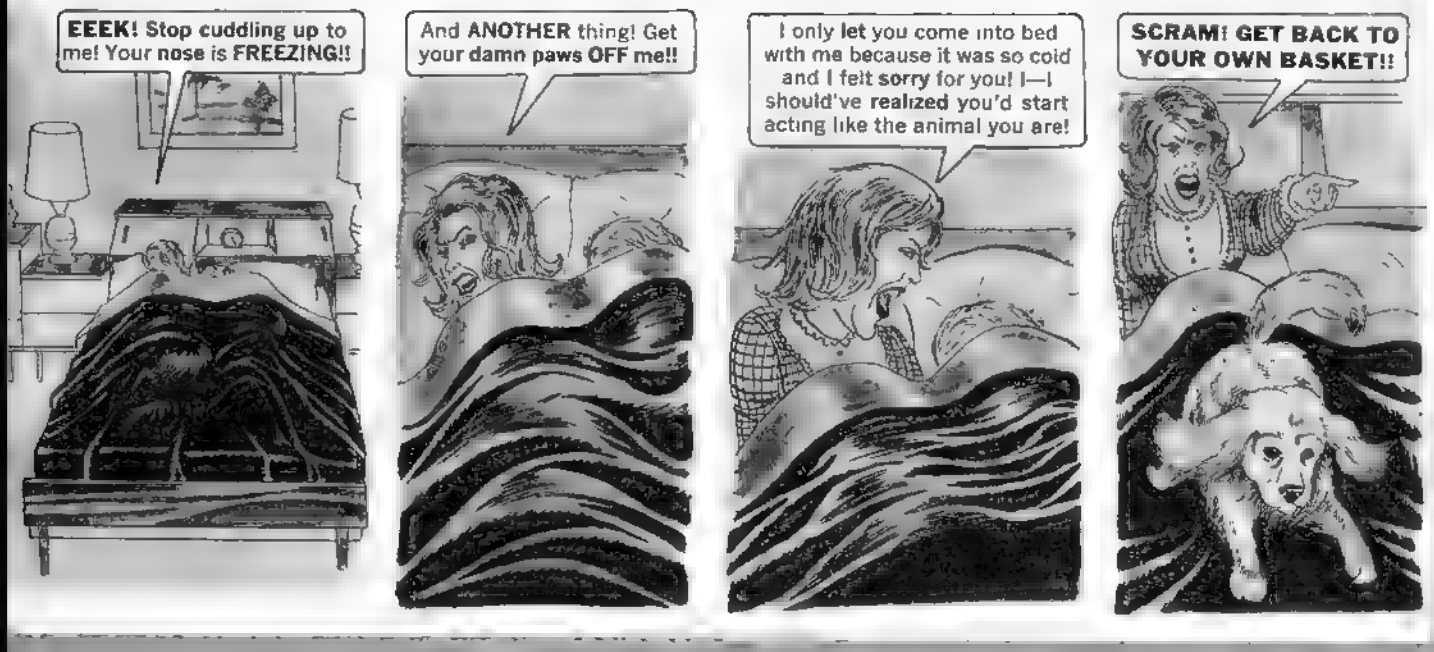
CLOSE THAT DAMN DOOR!!


What a time to be driving . . . during a snow storm! The back
The side windows are covered with snow! And the windshield wipers can't get the snow off the windshield fast enough!

I CAN'T SEE WHAT IN HELL IS OUT THERE!!

I can!
You CAN? So tell me! What's out there?!?

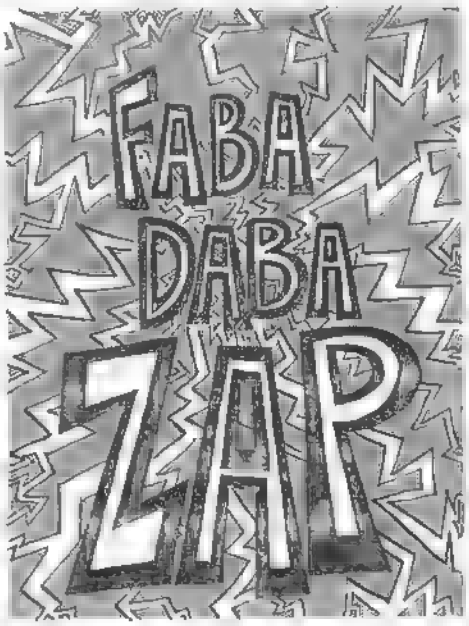
SNOW!!


EEEK! Stop cuddling up to me! Your nose is FREEZING!!
And ANOTHER thing! Get your damn paws OFF me!!
I only let you come into bed with me because it was so cold and I felt sorry for you! I—I should've realized you'd start acting like the animal you are!
SCRAM! GET BACK TO YOUR OWN BASKET!!

Last night, the storm was so bad, I had to pull off the highway and walk home! Now, I dread the job of shoveling all that snow from the car!
Yeah! So do I!
HOLY SMOKES!! MY CAR'S BEEN COMPLETELY STRIPPED!!
THOSE DIRTY ROTTEN LOUSY NO-GOOD ROBBING LOCUSTS!!
Calm down! Look at the bright side!
WHAT bright side??
Now we don't have to shovel all that snow from the car!

I really can't believe it! Suddenly, after a nice warm Summer, THIS happens!!
It's the dead of WINTER!! I'm freezing to DEATH!!
Can you imagine!? The temperature has actually dropped down to 69 degrees!!

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I



WINDSHIELD WEEPERS DEPT.

With parking space at a minimum, and charges for parking at a maximum, the poor car owner has been trying various methods to beat the system while avoiding a ticket. Notes, official-looking identification cards, Police Department magazines, business cards, etc., are all

SURE-FIRE TICKET DE

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

Bless, O Lord, the keeper of the Peace—the Officer of the Law— who in his own unselfishness, overlooks this minor trespass of another made in Your Image. But let he who rules with an iron hand-who puts him self before and above others—let him feel the pain of eternal damnation. Amen!

Officer -
I heard on the radio that this make car has been recalled by the factory because a defective part may cause the steering wheel to fly off at any moment So I immediately pulled over to the curb and left my car here not to take any chances.

Honey,
Don't forget to drop off this check for me!
Love, Jack

No. 110

JOHN DRURY

2/6 19 74

PAY TO THE ORDER OF Policemens Benevolent Association $ 1000 00

One thousand 00/XX DOLLARS

John Drury

SCHUBERT VALLEY NATIONAL BANK
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

THIS CAR IS OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE.
CATHOLIC URBAN LEAGUE,
JEWISH NEIGHBORHOOD AID SOCIETY,
AND THE
PROTESTANT COMMUNITY ORGANIZATION
CAR POOL

MILTON ELNICK
CHIEF AUDITOR
INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE
(Division of Tax Returns
Of City and State Employees)

being left in view in an attempt to convince the passing Cop to keep on passing. But they rarely work. Why? Because to really get to someone, you have to appeal to his emotions . . . to his feelings of guilt and insecurity. With this goal in mind, MAD herewith offers . . .

'ERRENTS FOR FRUSTRATED DRIVERS

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Officer — Just went to pick up my judicial robe.

I JUST RETURNED FROM VIET NAM AND I PUT THIS SIGN HERE FOR ALL TO SEE SO I COULD SAY HOW GREAT IT IS TO BE HOME IN A FREE COUNTRY WHERE YOU CAN GO WHERE YOU WANT, DO WHAT YOU WANT, *PARK* WHERE YOU WANT, AND NOT HAVE SOME COMMIE RAT HASSLE YOU! LONG LIVE THE AMERICAN WAY!

Mildred:
If you found my suicide note and traced me to the car, don't panic – I haven't done it yet. I left the car here to go for a little walk to think about whether life is worth living. With all the setbacks I've had lately, all I need is one more bad experience to push me over the brink...

This car is owned by a revered mother who just ran into the store to buy an American flag and an apple pie...

Dear Officer,
They just announced over the radio that this month's quota of parking tickets has already been reached.
Thanks!

Madame Olga

THE WITCH WHO CAN PUT THE CURSE ON ANYONE ...ANY TIME....ANYWHERE! I NEVER FAIL!

CALL QZ-9-9977

SON OF "ROSES ARE RED" DEPT.

Did you ever notice how every screen writer who comes up with a box office success and every novelist who clicks with a best seller immediately turns out a sequel in order to drain the last possible buck from his one good idea? Well, MAD has noticed it, and we've also noticed that great poets seem to be the only writers who never tried to cash in on success by dashing

MAD SEQUELS TO

HIAWATHA'S LAST STAND

By the shores of Gitchee Gumee,
Near the shack of Hiawatha,
Rose the plant of Acme Paper,
Making pulp of birch and pine trees;
Dumping crud into the water.

To the plant came Hiawatha,
Toothless now and pushing ninety.
Still, he came in feeble dudgeon,
Flailing at the boss of Acme.
"Os-kee-wa-wa!" screamed the Indian.
"You polluters killed my fish friends;
Gave the shaft to furry creatures;
Even scared the white-fire insects.
Pack your buzz saws up and beat it."

"Who's this clown?" asked Acme's foreman.
"Some old ethnic trouble maker?"
Hiawatha answered swiftly:
"I'm the grandson of the Moon Child;
Friend of Ishkoodah, the comet;
Pal of Naked Bear and Owlet.
Once a poet wrote my story.
Wanna see my scrapbook clippings?"

CASEY AT THE CONTRACT TALKS

Spring training time was close at hand
for Mudville's hapless nine,
And all the players had agreed
on contract terms they'd sign;
Except, that is, for Casey, who
was holding out for more
Despite his batting slump that lost
the flag the year before.

The Mudville owner met with Casey
on an April day
To learn how much his fallen star
expected him to pay.
The owner told the press, "There won't
be much to talk about.
I can't believe that clod expects
a raise for striking out."

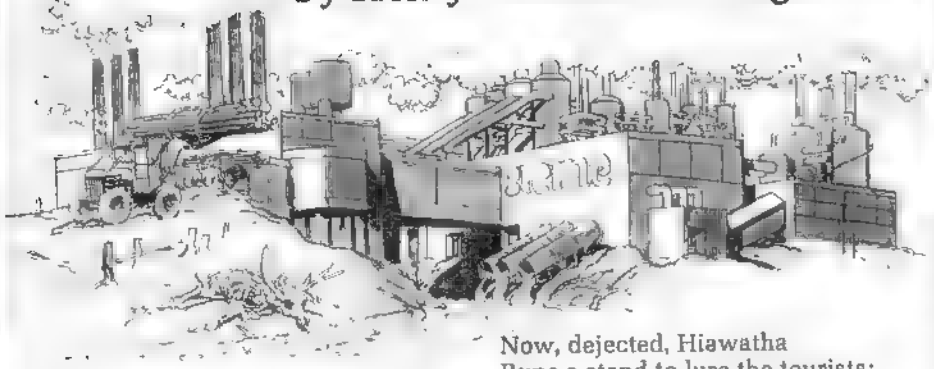
Yet, who could doubt that Casey held
the key to Mudville's fate
As he strode grandly through the door
to re-negotiate?
He moved with grace, his biceps bulged;
his gut was hard and flat.
Small wonder foes were gripped with fear
when Casey came to bat.

off mediocre follow-ups to their biggest hits. Yep, when it comes to well known poems, there's a million-dollar bonanza awaiting any hack writer who pens what the original poet might have written next. Hack writers happen to be a commodity that we here at MAD possess in abundance, so we plan to go after that unclaimed million right now by presenting our collection of . . .

FAMOUS POEMS

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: TOM KOCH

by Henry Wadsworth Longwinded

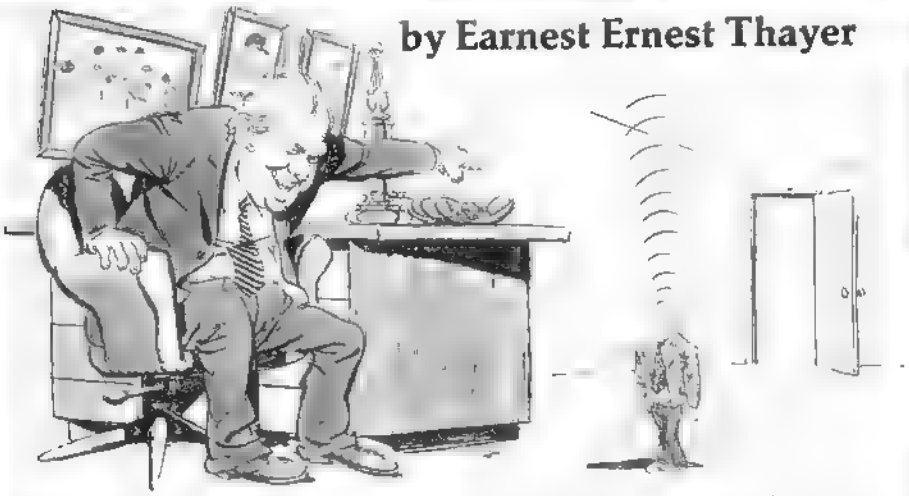


"Hoo boy!" moaned the boss of Acme.
Why must I get all the loonies?"
Then he lectured Hiawatha
On the rights his firm was granted,
Rights to turn the whole great forest
Into paper pulp for "Playboy."
Hiawatha mumbled something
Of a broken tribal treaty.
Patience gone, the foreman shouted,
"Get thee to a reservation."

Now, dejected, Hiawatha
Runs a stand to lure the tourists;
Sells them trinkets made in Cleveland.
Some pay him a dime or quarter
Just to have their pictures taken
With a senile, wrinkled Indian.
Hiawatha poses proudly,
Telling all who stop to see him,
"Once a poet wrote my story.
Wanna see my scrapbook clippings?"

Strangely, no one ever wants to.

by Earnest Ernest Thayer



Now Casey faced the owner with
his hands upon his hips,
And now his eyes were cold as steel;
a snarl had curled his lips.
Unsmiling, Casey spoke his piece.
He said, "I've got it planned
To loll at home this year unless
I'm paid a hundred grand."

The owner laughed and said, "I've got
some news that just won't keep.
We've signed a rookie from Spokane
who plays both good and cheap.
He never chokes up in the clutch.
So, Casey, my advice
Is practice hard at home this year,
'cause now you've struck out twice."

WE SHOT A MISSILE INTO SPACE

by N.A.S.A.
Public Information Officer
H. W. Bullfellow

We shot a missile into space.
We fear it fell to earth someplace.
Though we were aiming for the moon,
Red China claims we hit Kowloon.

Now, Chou En Lai is hopping mad
Because, it seems, our aim was bad;
And all our space probe expertise
Found nothing but enraged Chinese.

THE BAREFOOT MAN

by John Looseleaf Notebook

Barefoot boy, you're thirty-three;
Less cute than you used to be.
Once, I smiled to watch you loaf;
Now, you're just a six-foot oaf,
Warbling, childlike, through your beard.
Day by day, you get more weird.

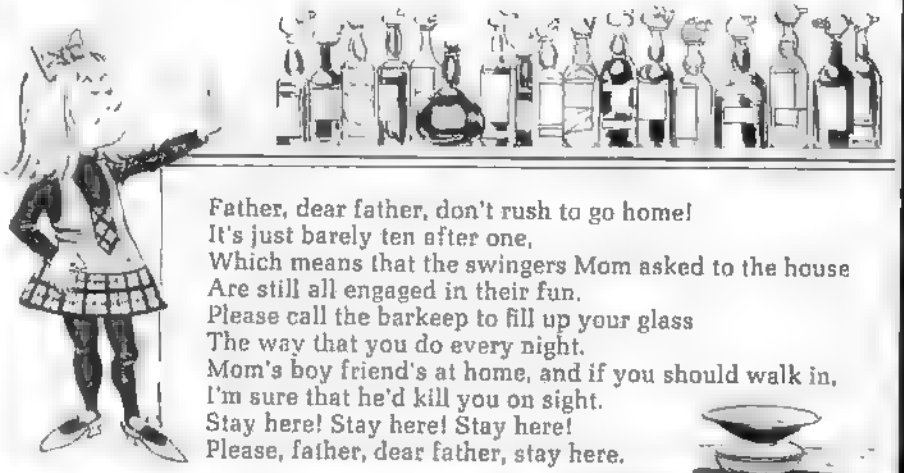
Curses on thee, barefoot bum!
You're as shiftless as they come;
Romping through the woods at play.
Why not get a job some day?
Then buy shoes, quick as you can;
No one like a barefoot man.

THE RAVIN' REAL ESTATE

When a house is damp and drafty,
then a salesman must be crafty
While he's showing would-be buyers
all around the real estate.
Point out how the kitchen's roomy;
never say it's dark and gloomy.
Then the prospect may not guess that
he's been rooked 'til it's too late,
By which time, you're out the gate.

Though such tactics might be sleezy,
they made selling houses easy
'Til I got the job of peddling
Edgar Allan Poe's old place
Poe long since had met his doom there,
but the raven he let me room there
I found still alive, atop
the mantle shooting off his face,
Loudly, with no style or grace

THE NIGHT AFTER FATHE



Father, dear father, don't rush to go home!
It's just barely ten after one,
Which means that the swingers Mom asked to the house
Are still all engaged in their fun.
Please call the barkeep to fill up your glass
The way that you do every night.
Mom's boy friend's at home, and if you should walk in,
I'm sure that he'd kill you on sight.
Stay here! Stay here! Stay here!
Please, father, dear father, stay here.

FAREWELL TO ORPHAN ANNIE

Little Orphan Annie's gotten sent on her way.
It happened when the Doctor said she really shouldn't stay.
The Doc was called to diagnose why we kept having dreams
That made us kids wake up at night and let out piercing screams.
Doc had us study ink blots first to help our minds unfold.
And each blot dredged up tales of ghosts that Orphan Annie told.

The Doctor took my folks aside and said, "All kids throw fits
When you let weirdo orphan girls half scare them from their wits.
She talks a lot of goblins, and of big, black things that roam.
She' l turn your kids to fruitcakes if you keep her in your home."

AGENT

by Edgar Callous Snowjob

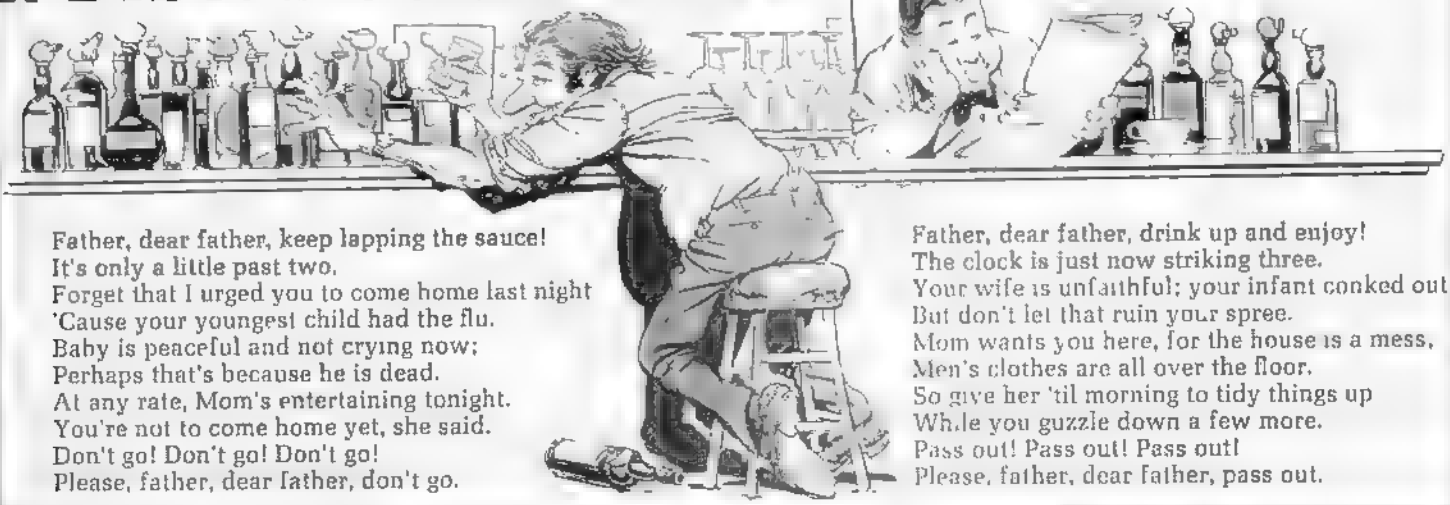
In my sales pitch, I did mention
all that might divert attention
From the raven, for who'd want a
home with built-in bird that speaks?
With my manner suave and steady,
I at last found someone ready,
Primed to buy, once he had tested
all the doors for cracks and squeaks.
Yelled the bird, "The chimney leaks!"

I drank booze and went unshaven,
driven crazy by that raven
Who refused to keep his beak shut
while I forced some clod to buy.
My employer loudly goaded
me to get that house unloaded,
Little knowing how each effort
merely made the raven cry:
" "Hark! The basement's never dry!"

"Bird," I said, "I can't ignore you,
so instead let me implore you:
Hush until I've sold this place, and
then I will forever go."
Quoth the bird, "Give up your labors.
I live here and don't want neighbors.
Much adjustment is required for
two to share a home, you know.
That's why I evicted Poe."

R DIDN'T COME HOME

by Henrietta Kay Jerk



Father, dear father, keep lapping the sauce!
It's only a little past two.
Forget that I urged you to come home last night
'Cause your youngest child had the flu.
Baby is peaceful and not crying now;
Perhaps that's because he is dead.
At any rate, Mom's entertaining tonight.
You're not to come home yet, she said.
Don't go! Don't go! Don't go!
Please, father, dear father, don't go.

Father, dear father, drink up and enjoy!
The clock is just now striking three.
Your wife is unfaithful; your infant conked out;
But don't let that ruin your spree.
Mom wants you here, for the house is a mess,
Men's clothes are all over the floor.
So give her 'til morning to tidy things up
While you guzzle down a few more.
Pass out! Pass out! Pass out!
Please, father, dear father, pass out.

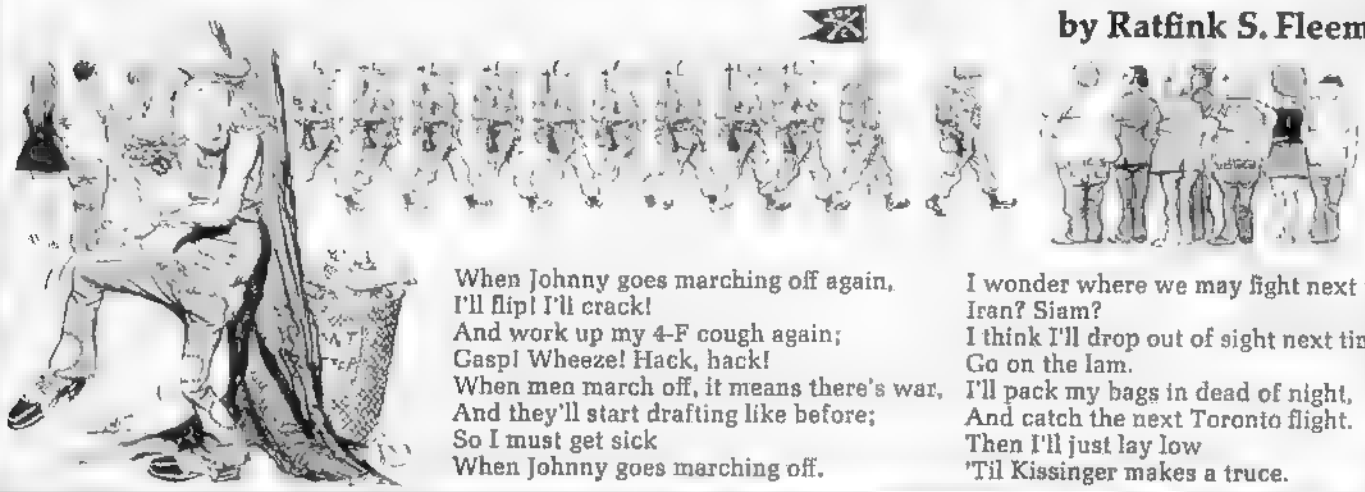
by James Nitwit Spryly

So Pa helped Annie pack her things, and told her very nice,
"You're strange, so out the door you go. It's Doctor's firm advice.
Still, you may like the orphanage; it's got a lovely wall,
And children packed in every room, and mice in every hall."

Now, Annie writes to say she likes the institution's gloom;
And, after undergoing tests, she got a private room.
Though it's equipped with rubber walls, she still hears voices shout,
"We're goblins who'll get Annie if she
Don't
Watch
Out!"

WHEN JOHNNY GOES MARCHING OFF

by Ratfink S. Fleemore



When Johnny goes marching off again,
I'll flip! I'll crack!
And work up my 4-F cough again;
Gasp! Wheeze! Hack, hack!
When men march off, it means there's war,
And they'll start drafting like before;
So I must get sick
When Johnny goes marching off.

I wonder where we may fight next time.
Iran? Siam?
I think I'll drop out of sight next time;
Go on the lam.
I'll pack my bags in dead of night,
And catch the next Toronto flight.
Then I'll just lay low
'Til Kissinger makes a truce.

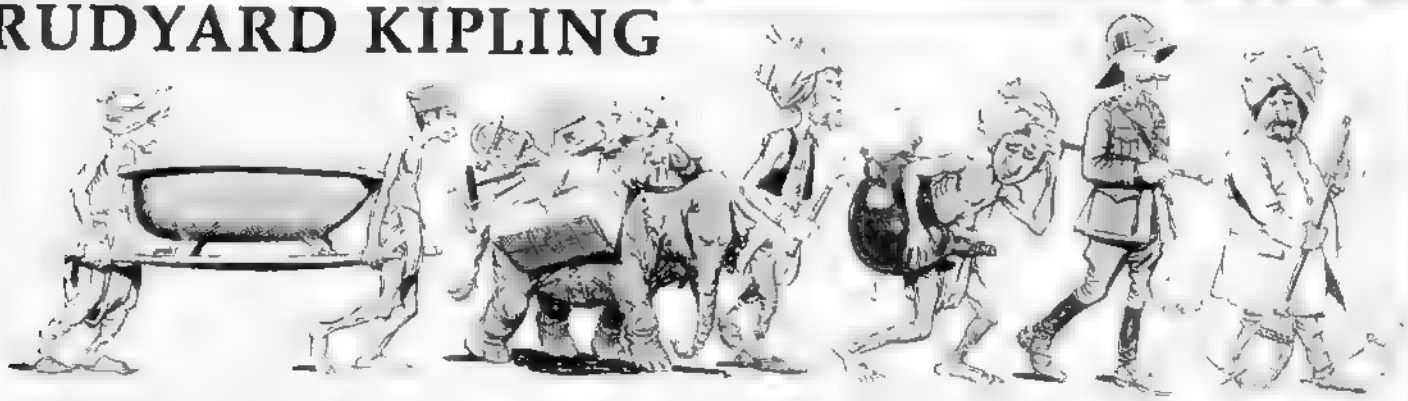
WHEN I WAS ONE-AND-FIFTY

by A.E. Drudgeman

When I was one-and-fifty,
I heard a young punk say,
"Best watch your step, Old Timer;
I'll take your job away.
This firm seeks youth and vigor,
While you slow down each year."
But being one-and-fifty,
I felt no pangs of fear.

When I was one-and-sixty,
The boss said, "Go relax.
Retire with a pension.
Don't wait to get the axe."
Said I, "I'm much too valued;
No one could take my place."
Now I am one-and-eighty,
And I'm a Welfare case

RUDYARD KIPLING



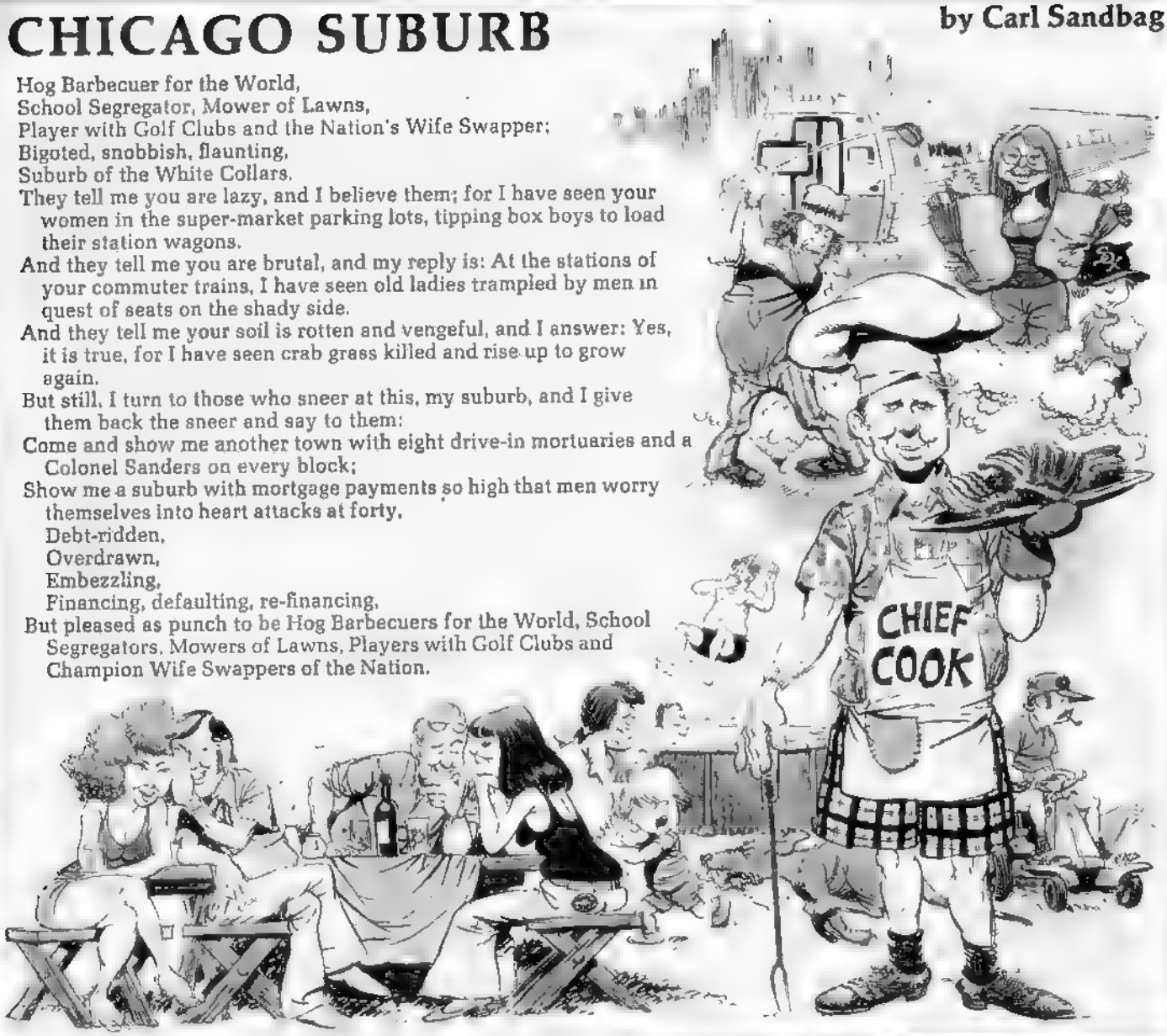
There are some who still recall
When the British ruled us all,
And each bloomin' Injian lived in fear o' slaughter.
They gave me a menial chore
'Cause that ruddy Kipling bore
Said, "The heathen's only fit for fetchin' water."

When, at times, the spigot clogged,
I got taken out and flogged,
For those English blokes said whippin' helped me learn.
Once, I really roused their ire
When the barracks caught on fire.
They screamed, "Water, boy!" Said I, "Burn, baby, burn!"

CHICAGO SUBURB

by Carl Sandbag

Hog Barbecuer for the World,
School Segregator, Mower of Lawns,
Player with Golf Clubs and the Nation's Wife Swapper;
Bigoted, snobbish, flaunting,
Suburb of the White Collars.
They tell me you are lazy, and I believe them; for I have seen your women in the super-market parking lots, tipping box boys to load their station wagons.
And they tell me you are brutal, and my reply is: At the stations of your commuter trains, I have seen old ladies trampled by men in quest of seats on the shady side.
And they tell me your soil is rotten and vengeful, and I answer: Yes, it is true, for I have seen crab grass killed and rise up to grow again.
But still, I turn to those who sneer at this, my suburb, and I give them back the sneer and say to them:
Come and show me another town with eight drive-in mortuaries and a Colonel Sanders on every block;
Show me a suburb with mortgage payments so high that men worry themselves into heart attacks at forty,
Debt-ridden,
Overdrawn,
Embezzling,
Financing, defaulting, re-financing,
But pleased as punch to be Hog Barbecuers for the World, School Segregators, Mowers of Lawns, Players with Golf Clubs and Champion Wife Swappers of the Nation.



by Gunga Din

That remark caused quite a stir;
They called me a rebel cur,
'Cause for Limey rule I lacked appreciation.
Still, they sensed throughout the land
We were gettin' out o' hand,
So they wisely left and gave us back our nation.

Now, we do the best we can;
Twice we've clobbered Pakistan,
While the glories that were England have grown fewer.
Though it may sound harsh and rude,
All this leads me to conclude,
Rudyard Kipling, I'm a better man than you were.

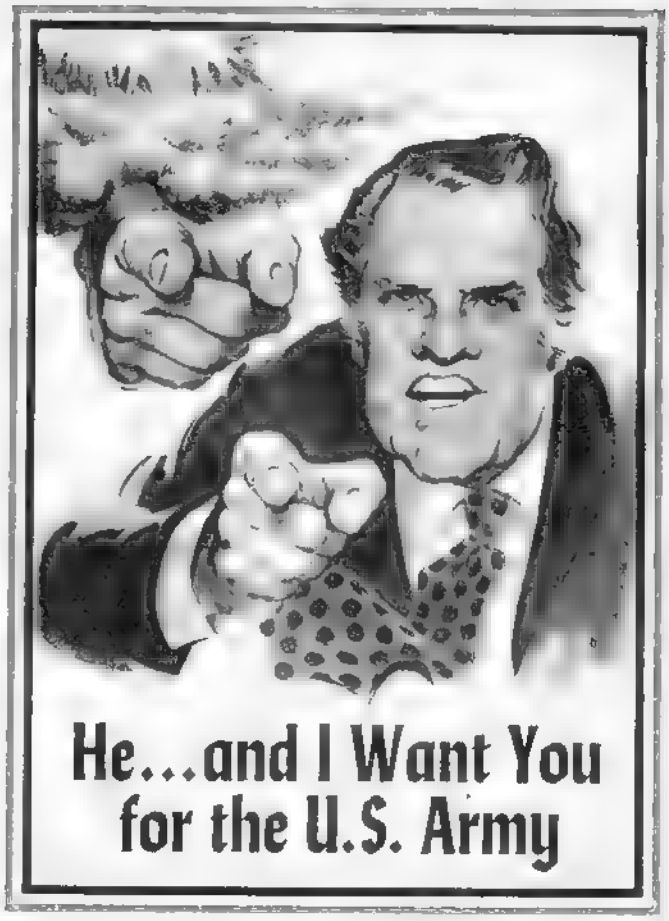
STRETCHING A POINT DEPT.

This is the famous U.S. Army Recruiting Poster by James Montgomery Flagg. Now that we're close to having an all-volunteer Army, it's time the Pentagon modernized its recruiting methods. And the first thing the Brass should do is get rid of the old Flagg Poster and replace Uncle Sam and his message with endorsements by current "name" people. Then we'd start seeing these . . .

"I WANT YOU" POSTERS STARRING TODAY'S CELEBRITIES

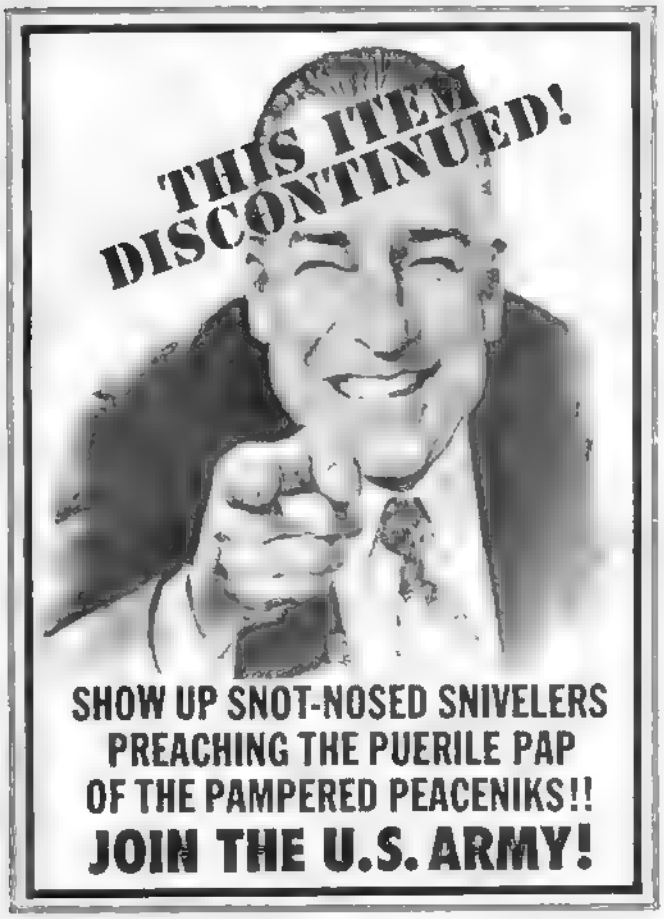
ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

BILLY GRAHAM

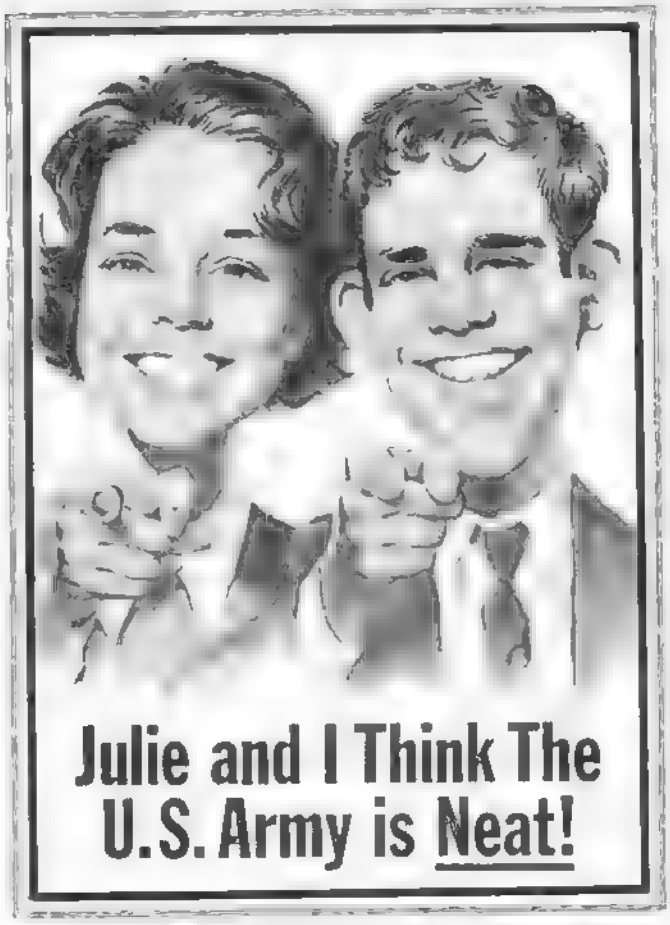


HELEN GURLEY BROWN

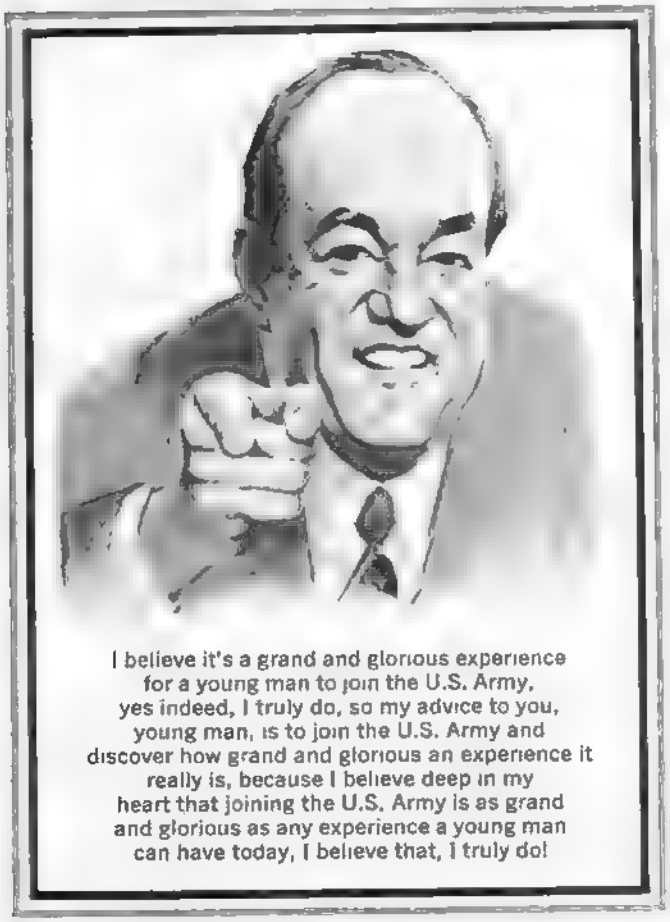
SPIRO AGNEW



DAVID EISENHOWER



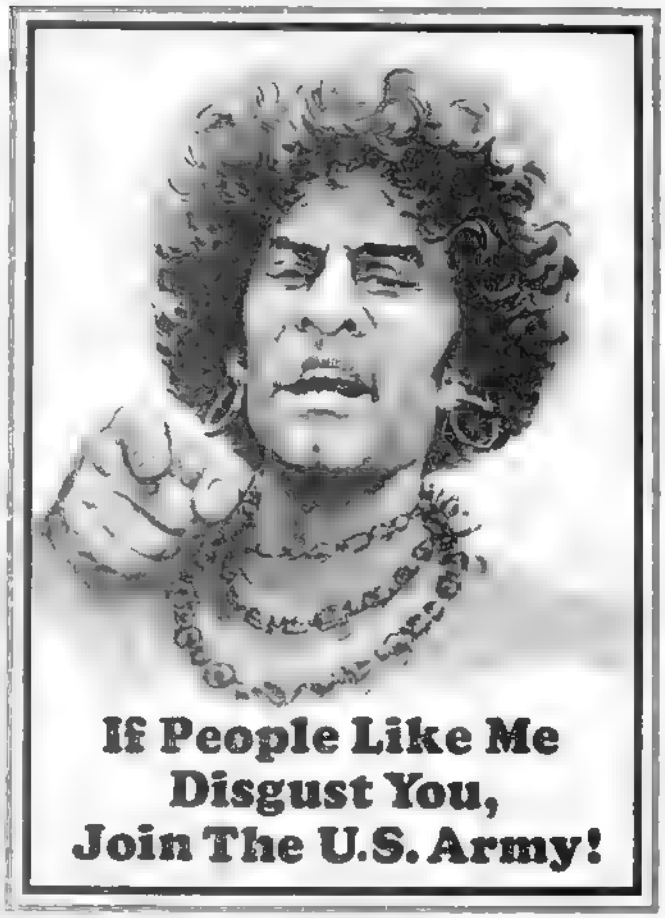
HUBERT HUMPHREY



MARK SPITZ

ERICH SEGAL

ABBIE HOFFMAN



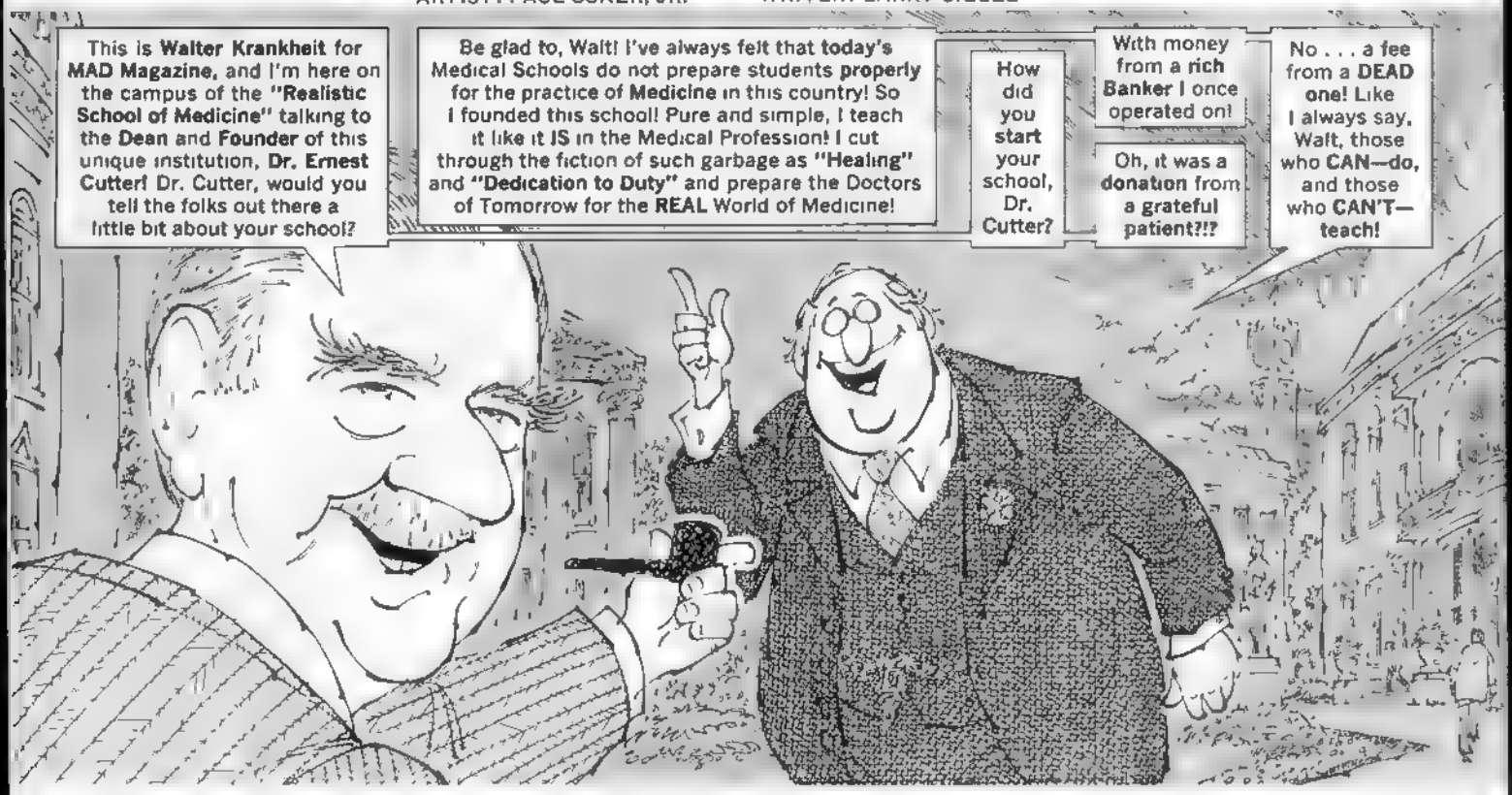
JACK ANDERSON

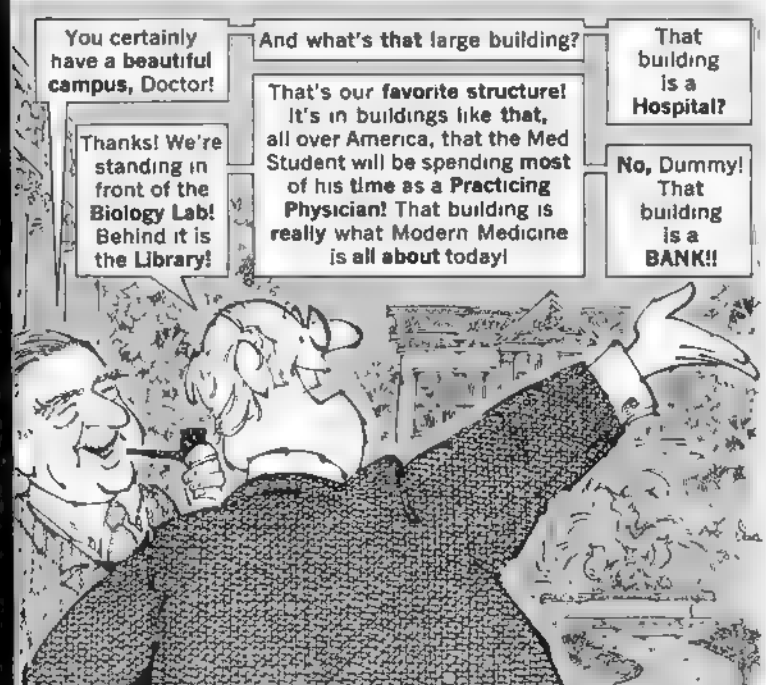
BOBBY FISHER

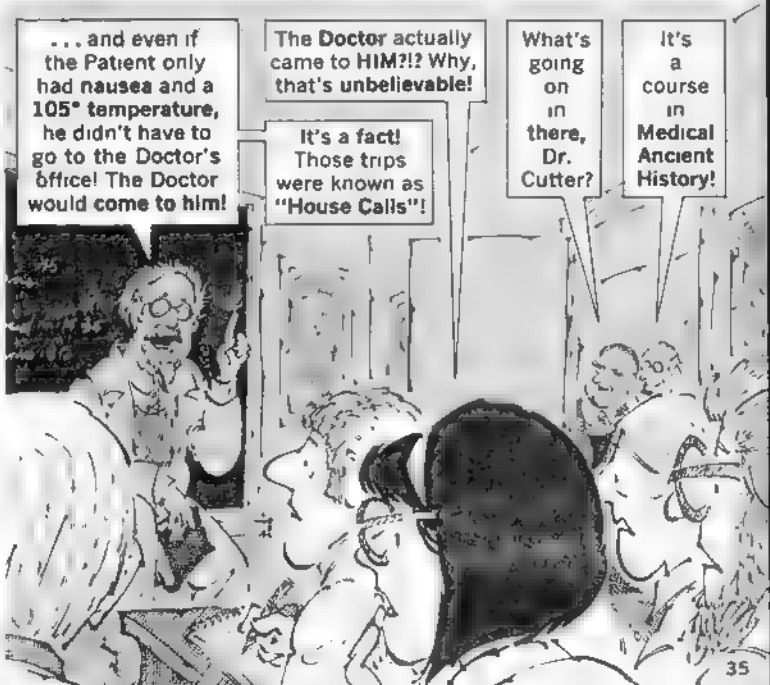
HYPOCRITICAL OAFS DEPT.

MAD VISITS THE "REALISTIC SCHOOL OF MEDICINE"

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL







I notice that the students don't seem to carry books! Isn't that strange on a school campus?

Not really! They're so busy, they don't have time to read! In fact, one of our own graduates, **Dr. Maurice Fiscus,** hasn't read **ONE THING** since he left **High School!**

Dr. Fiscus? He writes those awful articles for **"Reader's Digest!"** Doesn't he know how **TERRIBLE** they are?

I doubt it! He's too busy **writing! I told** you he doesn't have **TIME** to read!

How can a **Doctor** learn his **profession** without **reading** or studying **Medical Books?!?**

A Doctor doesn't **have** to read or study to practice Medicine profitably!

No, I won't buy that!

All he has to do is **memorize a** few **clichés** and **Medical catchwords!**

You're kidding!

It's true! In fact, **another** graduate, a **famous Surgeon,** has only used **three words** in over **ten years!**

CUT IT OUT!

How did you GUESS?!? Let's visit the **Language Department** and see how it works!

All right, Gentlemen! Let's see how much you remember about yesterday's lesson! Let's say a Patient comes into your office with a **severe case of Lockjaw!** What do you say to him? Thompson . . . ?

Take two aspirin and call me in the morning!

Excellent!

A Patient has fallen out of a window and has **broken both of his legs!** Caraway . . .?

Drink lots of fruit juice and keep off your feet!

Very good!

A Patient comes into your office complaining of **severe pains in the chest!** Harris . . .?

First, lie down on your affected side so we can **immobilize the pain!** Then we'll diagnose to make sure it isn't a **spontaneous pneumothorax** . . . in which case, a half grain **codeine tablet** will help to ease the spasm—

Unprepared again, eh, Harris!?!

There always has to be **one trouble-maker!**

Let's move on, shall we?

Now, here's an interesting course at the **Realistic School of Medicine,** which is important to **all** future Doctors! Here, they learn to write their **Bills!**

. . . now then, we take the Patient's **income,** which let's say is **$15,000,** and we take him for **10% of that,** or **$1,500!** Then we add **$25** each time we step into his **room,** even though he's in the Hospital **anyway!** For argument's sake, that's **$250 more!** Then we determine how much **Blue Shield** will pay him for **Surgery!** Let's say, it's **$1000!** So we add, let's say, **another $1000** to our bill on **general principles.** Then we . . .

And what do you call this course?

It's listed in our program as **"Medical Math,"** but **we refer to it as "Fantasy and Science Fiction"!**

I notice that you have a **blind student** at the school!

Yes . . . that's **Cranby! He's also deaf** and **mute!**

Deaf, dumb and blind! What's he **DOING** here?

Studying to be an **Insurance Exam Doctor! He'll make out fine!**

Dr. Cutter, why are these cars parked like that . . .?

Well, as you know, Doctors can park anywhere they like with "MD" plates . . . so we sort of encourage students to get into the swing of things a little early here!

But it's ridiculous! Look where they're parked! Some of them are quite pushy!

Yes, they are! But I'd say that one of our sophomores, Keith Bradshaw, is perhaps the pushiest of all! Er . . . that's his car over there!

What makes him so different? I notice many students park their cars on the roofs of other cars!

On a Police car?

Now THAT's pushy!

Of course, all is not work, work here! Our students have time for sports, too! Over there, you see three members of our Football Team! That's Finsterhoffer, our Quarterback . . . Wembly, our Running Back . . . and Purcell, our Kickback!

Er—there's no such thing as a "Kickback"! You don't know your Football!

You don't know your Medicine!

Now, here's a typical Student Dormitory, Walt! As you can see, it's a very comfortable place!

It seems to be! But something is strange! I hear several of the phones ringing, but nobody seems to answer them! Why is that . . .?

Just training for the future again! Students learn that, as Doctors, they must NEVER answer a phone!

You mean . . .?

Right! The entire school subscribes to an Answering Service!

But what if it's a real emergency . . . like a Mother calling her Son to tell him that his Father is ill?

Very simple! The Answering Service refers her to ANOTHER SON!

Doctor, let me ask you something! Do Medical Students have girl friends?

Wait, let me ask YOU something! Does Hugh Hefner have BUNNIES!?!

They make out like CRAZY!!

Tell me, how come Medical Students are so successful with girls?

Do you realize what it means to a girl to bring a DOCTOR home to her parents and say, "This is the man I want to marry!" If he ever tossed her over, it would kill her!

But what happens if she tosses HIM over . . .?

Then . . . her MOTHER would kill her!

We teach our students to play it cool, and the girls will come to them! As you can see, it works!

But what about that poor fellow over there?

Oh, that's Simms! He's a sad case! He's in love with a girl, but every time he calls for her, she doesn't answer the door!

Why is that . . .?

She's studying to be a Hospital Nurse across town . . . at "The Realistic School of Nursing!" And there, they teach her NEVER to answer a BUZZER!

I must say I found my visit here **extremely interesting**, Dr. Cutter, and thank you for your time!

Before you leave, Walt, I'd like you to sit in on our **Graduation Exercises**! Today, our Senior Class is getting ready to go out and **practice Medicine**! They're to be addressed by the most **revered figure** in the **Medical World**, a man without whom the Medical Profession as we know it today **could not exist**!

And who might that be?

Who **ELSE?! ME!!**

—and so I conclude by wishing you, the Graduating Class of 1973, **good luck** and **Godspeed** as you go forth into the great World of Medicine!

Well . . . that **does** it! Now, I give each Graduate something he can **keep** and **cherish** the rest of his life! A **symbol** of the **entire Medical Profession**!

Uh . . . a **diploma**, of course!

No, dummy! A set of **golf clubs**!

This must be a **very happy day** for you, Dr.!

It is! But it's also a little sad! I know my Students have received the best Medical Education that money can buy! And yet, I cannot help but **wonder** . . . Will they all **remember** everything they **learned?** Will they **make it**, out there, on their **own?** Will they be the sort of Medical Men I can be **proud** of?

Will they . . .? **oh! OOOOHH!! I feel sick! My heart . . . !**

My God! **Quick**, somebody, **help** me! This man is having a **heart attack!** Is there a **Doctor** around?

Sorry! He's **not** my patient!

I'm going out of **town!** Call my **Service!**

I wouldn't touch an **emergency** with a **ten foot pole!**

Yeah! If he **kicks off**, who needs a **Malpractice Suit?!?**

Did you . . . *gasp* . . . **hear** that . . . Walt? They're gonna be . . . *cough* . . . **all right!** They're gonna be . . . *choke* . . . **all right!**

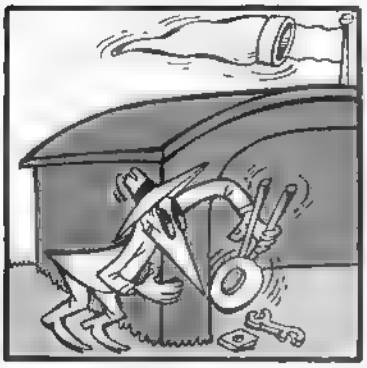
And so, on this sad note, we **close** our interview at **"The Realistic School of Medicine"!** Remember . . . Dr. Cutter may be **gone**, but I'm sure that his **teachings will live forever!**

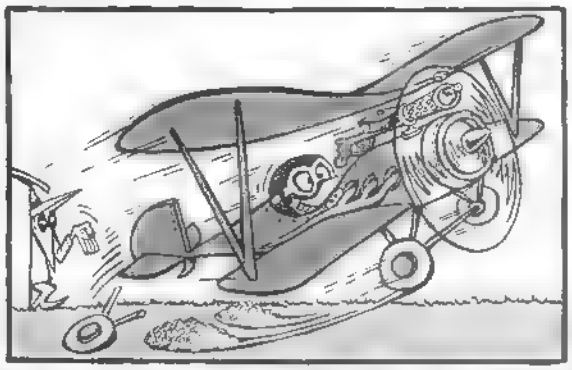
Hey! What **happened** here?

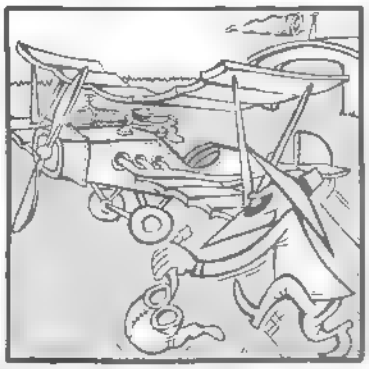
Dr. Cutter is **dead!** Did you **hear** me? He's **DEAD!** As a **Doctor**, don't you have **ANYTHING** to say?

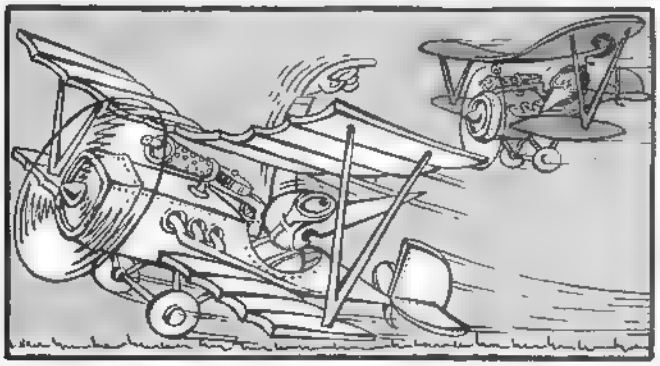
Yeah! There's **a lot** of that going around!

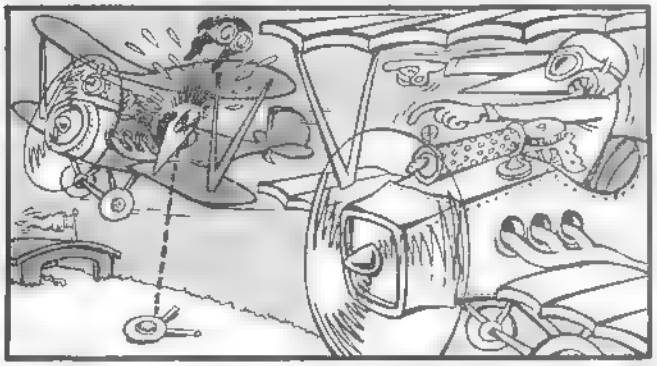
SPY
VS
SPY

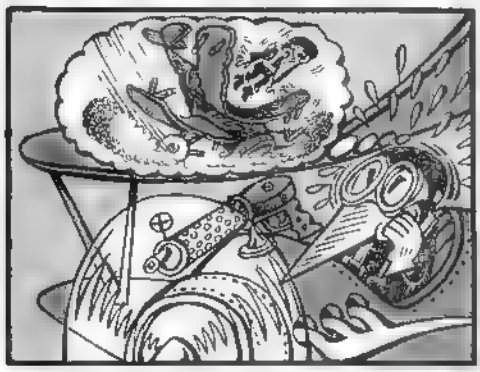


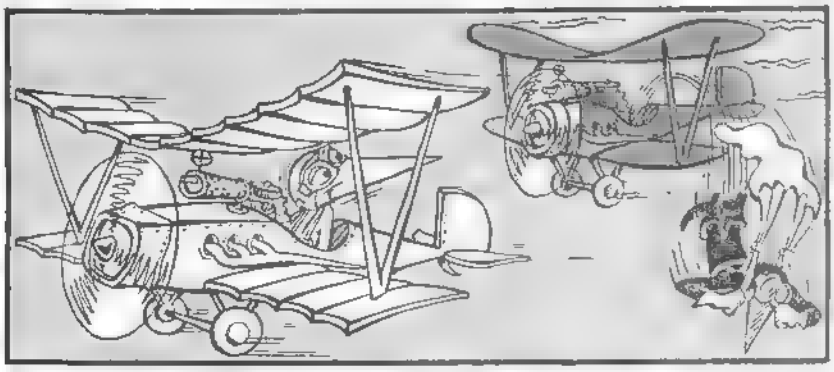


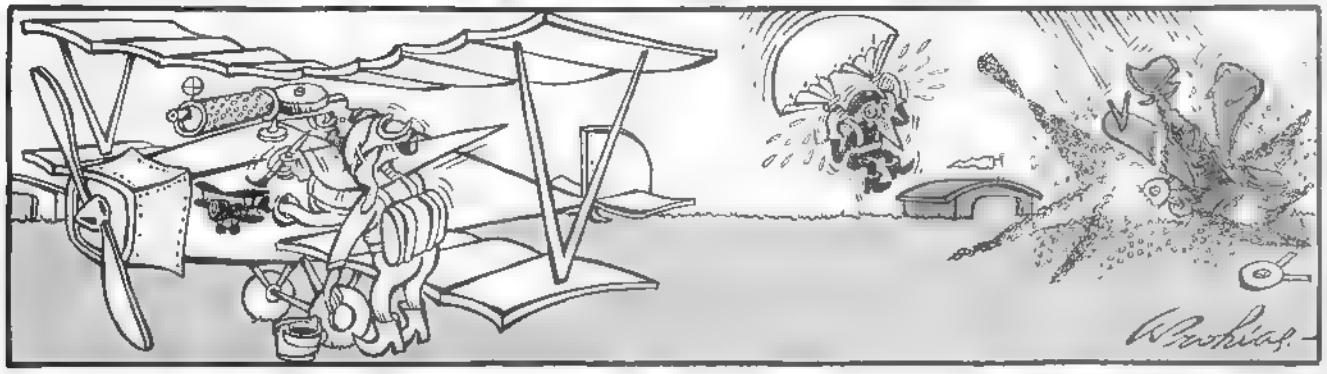










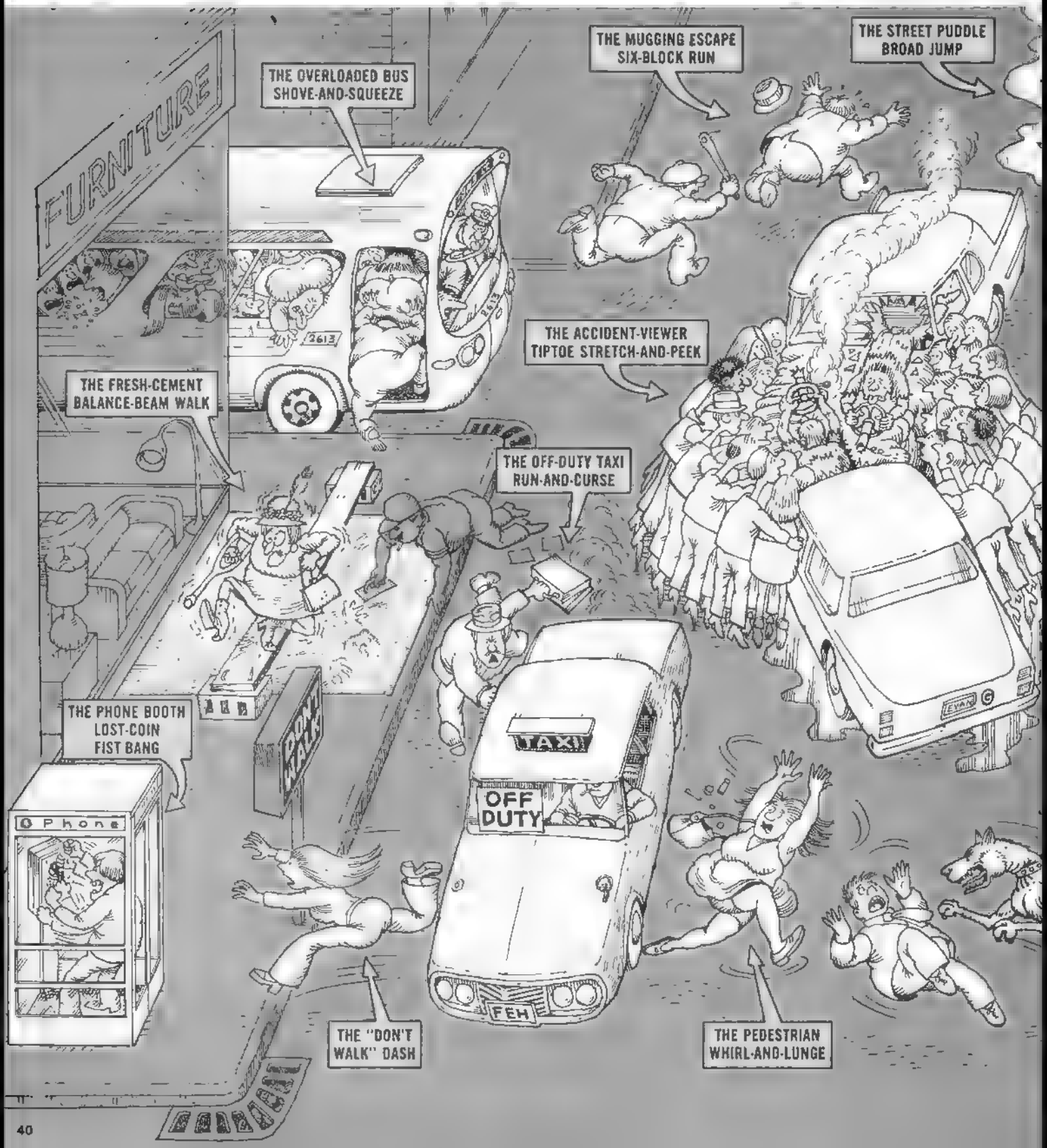


HOP, SKIP AND SQUISH DEPT.

We've read that people who live in big cities are becoming soft and flabby because of limited opportunities for sports and exercise. Well, we at MAD say that's ridiculous. People who

UNAVOIDABLE EXERCISES

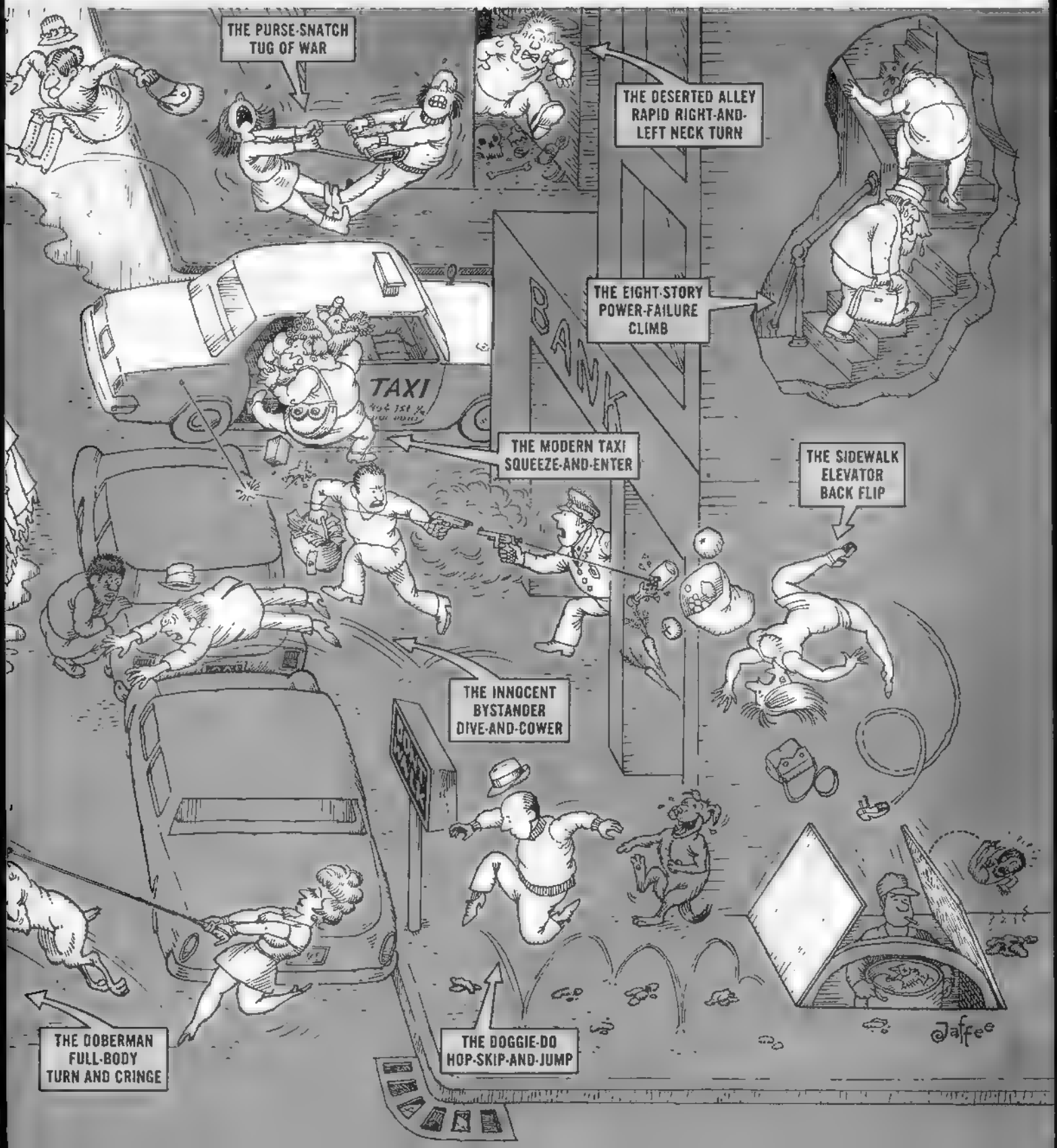
ARTIST: AL JAFFEE



live in cities get all sorts of exercise without even realizing it. As a matter of fact, they can't avoid getting exercise, as you'll see in this panorama, depicting many and varied . . .

FOR THE URBAN DWELLER

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

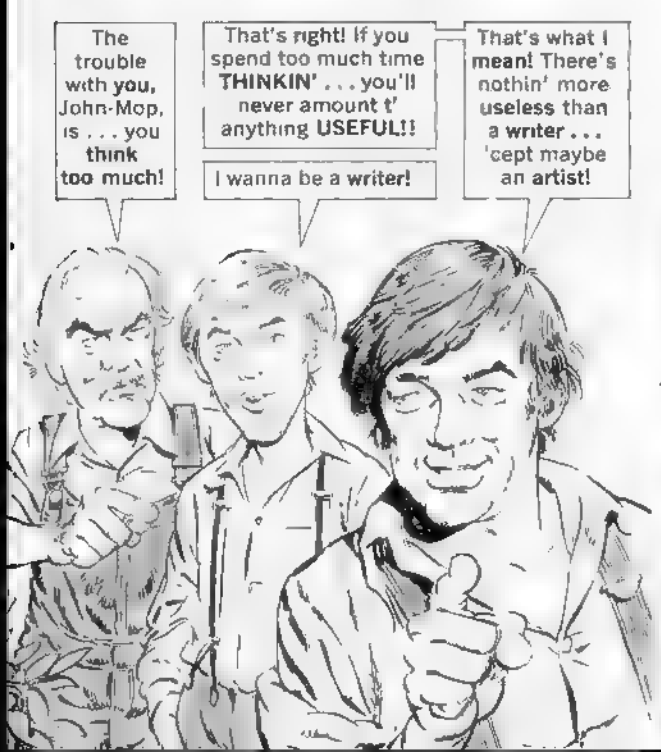
ONE NIGHT IN A POLICE STATION

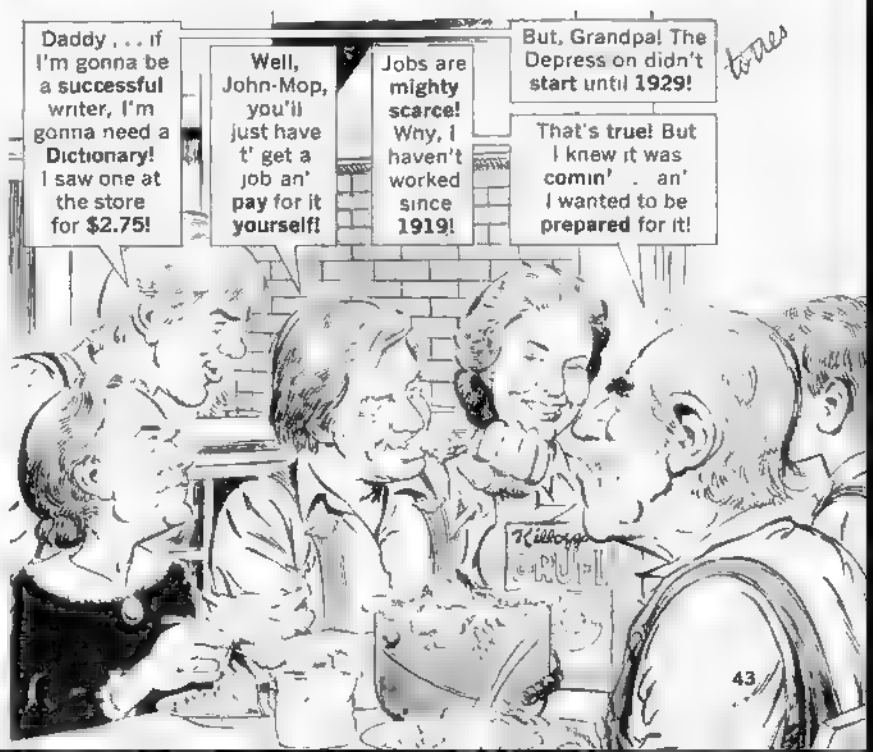
NEVER TRUST A SHOW ABOUT THE '30'S DEPT.

Here we go with MAD's version of the new TV series with the revolutionary new approach to TV Programming . . . no violence, no action, no controversy, no cops, no private-eyes, no crime, no bloodshed . . . just a sweet, simple, nostalgic look at the days when people were starving to death during the Great Depression, and life was dull . . . dull . . . dull! Like it is watching

The Dulltons

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE





Howdy folks! John-Mop . . lightnin' struck my barn last night! I'll pay you $2.75 t'help me rebuild it!

It's amazin'! Ten million people out of work . . . an' John-Mop manages t' get a job almost every week!

I owe it all t' honesty . . . virtuous livin' . . . and an accomodatin' script writer!

Don't be too long John Mop! We're goin' shoppin'!

Be right back, Mama! How long can it take t' rebuild a barn?!?

APPLES 5¢

Good morning, Mr Gatsby! Five cents worth of eggs, please!

They're three cents each, Mrs. Dullton! Tell you what' I'll g.ve you a special price . . . two for five!

Sorry! I only take what I c'n pay for! Five cents worth of eggs, please!

Okay . . that'll be one an' a half eggs! Uh . . which half of the egg do you want . . . the white, or the—*yecch*—yolk?

Get the white, Mama!

I like the yoke!

SALE

Uh—how much are your jawbreakers?

Why—a penny apiece! How much money have you got!

One penny between the seven of us!

Well, I'm runnin' a "Special" today . . seven jawbreakers for a penny!

Sorry, Mr. Gatsby! We Dulltons may be poor, but we're proud! We don't take charity!

Please take them as a favor to me!

Sorry, no!

Okay, but next time, would you mind buyin' a licorice stick? It's MURDER tryin' t' bust a jawbreaker into seven pieces!

We're a little short of cash this week, Mr. Gatsby, an' . . .

That's okay, Mr. Joad! You can have anythin' you want! It sure is a pleasure dealin' with a miserable old Movie Depression Family! I can't stand these new TV Depression "Virtue Freak" Families . . . like the Dulltons!

GRAPES OF WRATH

Daddy, what was it like before the Depression?

Folks had money, and they traveled to places like Paris, and had these wild parties where they drank Champagne from slippers—

How'd YOU drink Champagne out of Mama's slipper? It's got that hole in the side she cut out for her bunion!

Actually, we weren't drinkin' Champagne, or anything else! Times were hard in Apalachia even BEFORE the Depression!

An' what do you figure it'll be like here AFTER the Depression?

'Bout the same as now . . or WORSE!

Then why do we stay?

PLANT A TREE 4H clubs

Us Dulltons have always lived down here at the foot of Dullton Mountain!

Yes, but WHY . . . ?

Because it's FLAT down here! Use your head, boy! If we tried livin' up on the slopes, we'd probably fall off!

Daddy, since nobody's buildin' any houses any more on account of the Depression, I was just wonderin' . . . who buys all the lumber we're always cuttin'?

The BANKS!! They use it t' board up the house after they foreclose on the mortgages!

Let's go! It looks like rain!

My Daddy was like that . . . always teachin' me valuable lessons about life! But there was one valuable lesson he never taught me . . and I'm learnin' that by myself, now!

It don't make much sense tryin' t' write down things on paper durin' a thunderstorm!

GAGOOGA GAGOOGA

Howdy folks! Could you spare a bite to eat?

There's always room for one more at the Dullton's table!

You c'n sit in Jim-Boob's place! He's not feelin' well today!

What seems to be wrong with the boy?

Well, we don't rightly know! But it's got to be mighty serious! Even Sassafras Tea don't help!

Hmmm! This boy needs a Hernia Operation!

Are you a Doctor?

Not exactly! I used to work in a Hospital! But I had to give it up!

Why . on account of the Depression?

Yeah! I got depressed by the sight of all the Bed Pans I had to clean every day!

Supper's on the table, everybody! Come an' get it!

I hate to impose on you, but do you think you could operate on the boy?

John-Paw! Where are your manners?! Let him finish his supper first!

Blmmff glmphh jubbim zzzblt!

What'd you say, M ster?

I said, "This is the first time I ever ate Peanut Butter Sandwiches without any bread!"

We're a bit short of funds so we're savin' the bread for Sunday Dinner!

And once in a wh le, like on a National Holiday, we have JELLY, too!

US GOVT PEANUT BUTTER AL MI

Say, stranger, do you happen to know anything about fixin' cars?

I've messed around with engines some in my time!

Great! Before you operate, maybe you c'n help us repair the truck!

The truck?! But, Daddy! Don't you think he should operate on Jim-Boob FIRST?!?

I know how you feel, Son! But that truck is mighty important to us . . financially!

Listen to your Father! If Jim-Boob don't make it through the operation, hirin' a Hearse for the Funeral c'n be mighty expensive!

She's got a flat tire!

You mean t' tell me you don't know how to fix a FLAT?!?

Sure we c'n fix a flat—

—only our Jack broke, and we need someone to hold up the truck while we get the wheel off!

Uh—you folks have been good t' me, an' I don't want you t' think I'm ungrateful, but could you unload the—*uh*—truck first?

The truck's as good as new! Now, let's see what you c'n do for the young'un!

Hmmm . . . could I have some more light, please . . . ?

I'd sure like to oblige, stranger, but our electric bill was a whopper last month, and we're cuttin' down on the lights we burn!

Give 'im the light he needs, Daddy! We'll turn off the radio!

Bergen, did you know my Father was wiped out in the Wall Street Crash?!?

I didn't know that, Charlie!

Yeah! Somebody jumped out of a window, and landed on his pushcart!

That's right nice of you kids, turnin' off Charlie McCarthy t' help your li'l brother!

Aw . . that's okay! We already heard this program!

Yeah . . we got the only radio in the world that gets nothin' but Charlie McCarthy!

While you're messin' aroun' in there, see if you c'n find my can opener!

Don't see no can opener . . . but here's a pair of pliers!

Pliers?! I was wonderin' where they disappeared to! It's gettin' so, you just cain't depend on anybody t' do a neat kitchen table operation any more! Uh . . . no offense intended, Mister!

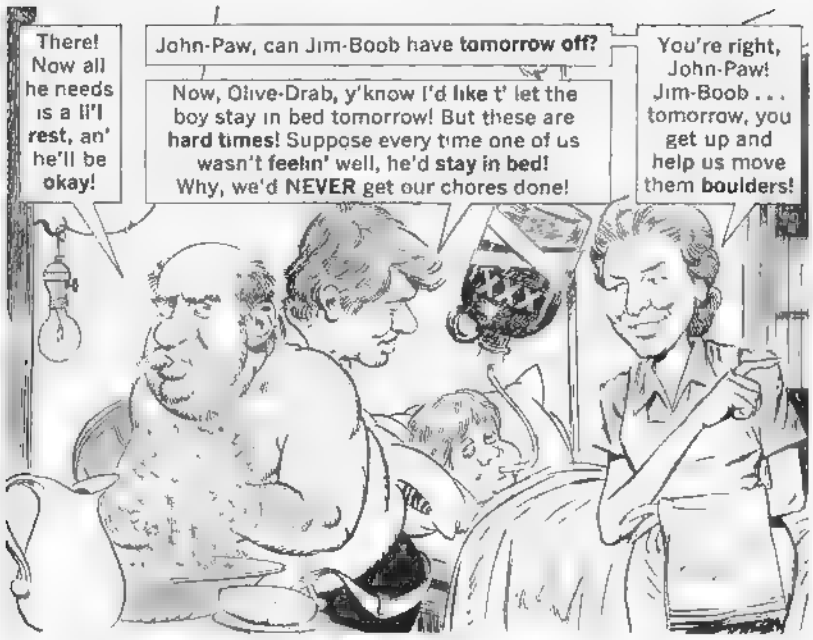
You got some thread so's I can sew him up?

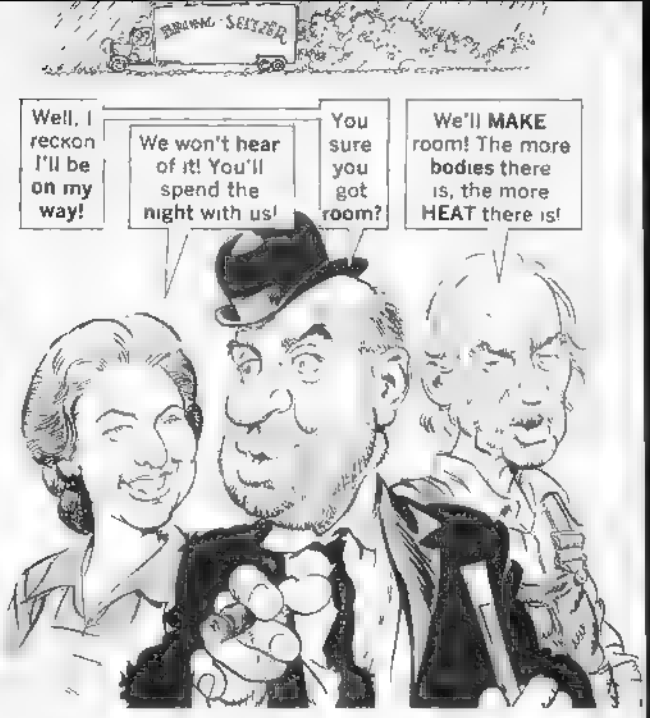
Wouldn't you know!? I'm plumb out! But Grandpa's got some string you c'n use . . . !

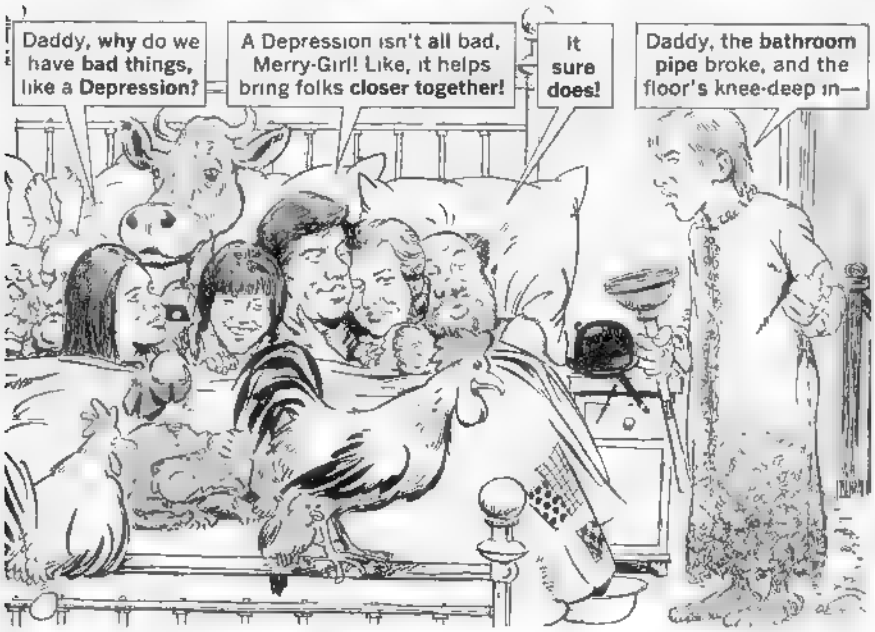
Dawgone it, Old Hag you know this string is my private collection!

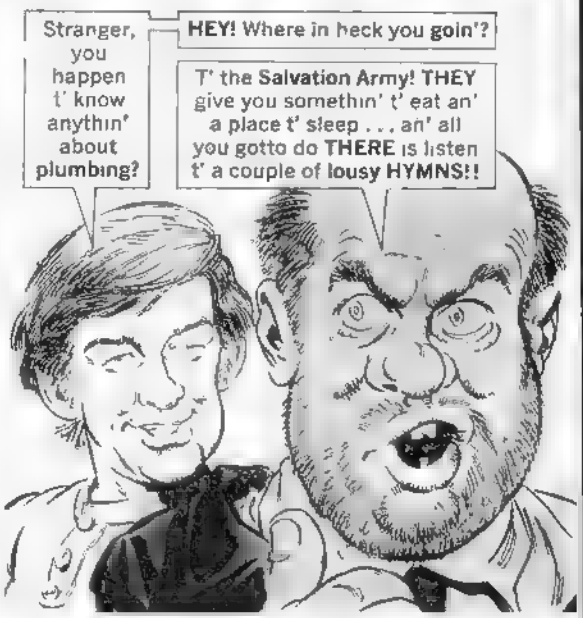
But this is an emergency!

All right, but don't use too much of it, or I'll never make Ripley's "Believe It Or Not" column!

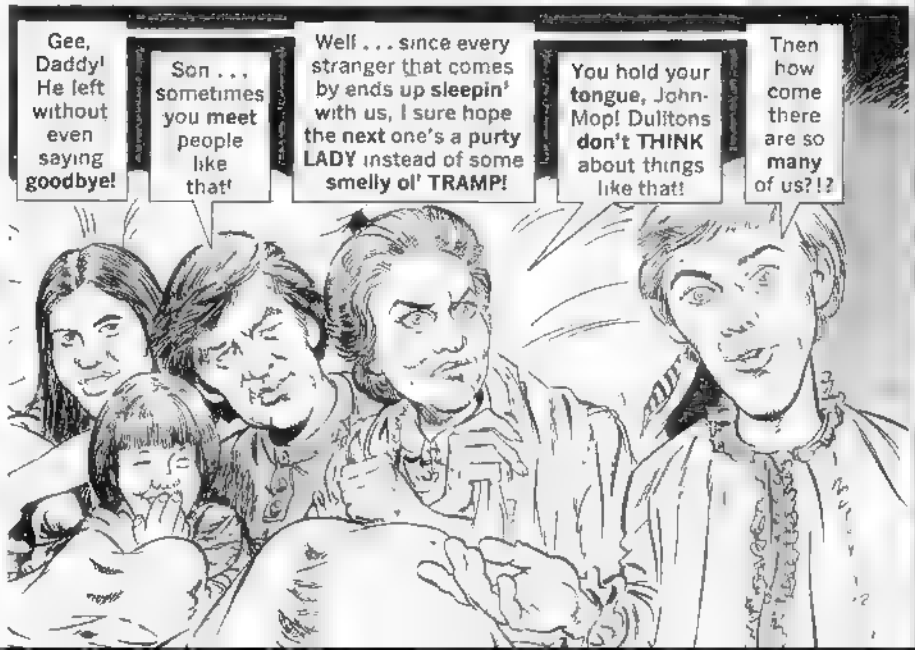

There! Now all he needs is a li'l rest, an' he'll be okay!
John-Paw, can Jim-Boob have tomorrow off?
Now, Olive-Drab, y'know I'd like t' let the boy stay in bed tomorrow! But these are hard times! Suppose every time one of us wasn't feelin' well, he'd stay in bed! Why, we'd NEVER get our chores done!
You're right, John-Paw! Jim-Boob . . . tomorrow, you get up and help us move them boulders!


Well, I reckon I'll be on my way!
We won't hear of it! You'll spend the night with us!
You sure you got room?
We'll MAKE room! The more bodies there is, the more HEAT there is!


Daddy, why do we have bad things, like a Depression?
A Depression isn't all bad, Merry-Girl! Like, it helps bring folks closer together!
It sure does!
Daddy, the bathroom pipe broke, and the floor's knee-deep in—


Stranger, you happen t' know anythin' about plumbing?
HEY! Where in heck you goin'?
T' the Salvation Army! THEY give you somethin' t' eat an' a place t' sleep . . . an' all you gotto do THERE is listen t' a couple of lousy HYMNS!!

You want HYMNS?!?
Rock of ages . . . cleft for me . Let me hide . . . myself in thee .


Gee, Daddy! He left without even saying goodbye!
Son . . . sometimes you meet people like that!
Well . . . since every stranger that comes by ends up sleepin' with us, I sure hope the next one's a purty LADY instead of some smelly ol' TRAMP!
You hold your tongue, John-Mop! Dulitons don't THINK about things like that!
Then how come there are so many of us?!?

Lan' sakes! I don't know where the boy gets those ideas!

For havin' those terrible thoughts, young man, you are to memorize ten chapters of the Bible!

Okay, Mama! But the Bible's where I begat them terrible thoughts in the first place!

Look, Daddy! Champ just had a baby CALF, right here in bed!

Can we keep her?!? Can we, Daddy?!?

I'm afraid not! I'm gonna hafta sell the calf so's I can buy a new pipe for the toilet!

But, John-Paw! That calf's like a member of the family!

So's the toilet!

We don't have t' sell the calf! I'll sell my Memory Quilt! That should fetch enough t' buy a new pipe!

But, Mama! That Memory Quilt means so much to you! It's made up of precious things . . . like one of my soiled diapers, an' Daddy's old work socks, and Grandpa's worn-out truss, an' Grandma's old surgical stockings, an' old underwear, an'—

My mind's made up! I'm selling the quilt!

I'm—*sniff*—gonna MISS that quilt! —*sniff*—

Why . . . I didn't know you were so sentimental!

I'm NOT! I'm cold! That quilt is the only warm blanket we got in the house!

G'night, Mama!

G'night, Papa!

G'night, John-Mop!

G'night, Jim-Boob!

G'night, Merry-Girl!

G'night, Grandma!

G'night, Grandpa!

G'night, John-Paw!

G'night, Olive Drab!

G'night, Errand Girl!

G'night, Masonmint!

G'night, Ben-Boy!

G'night, Liz-Girl!

G'night, Charlie!

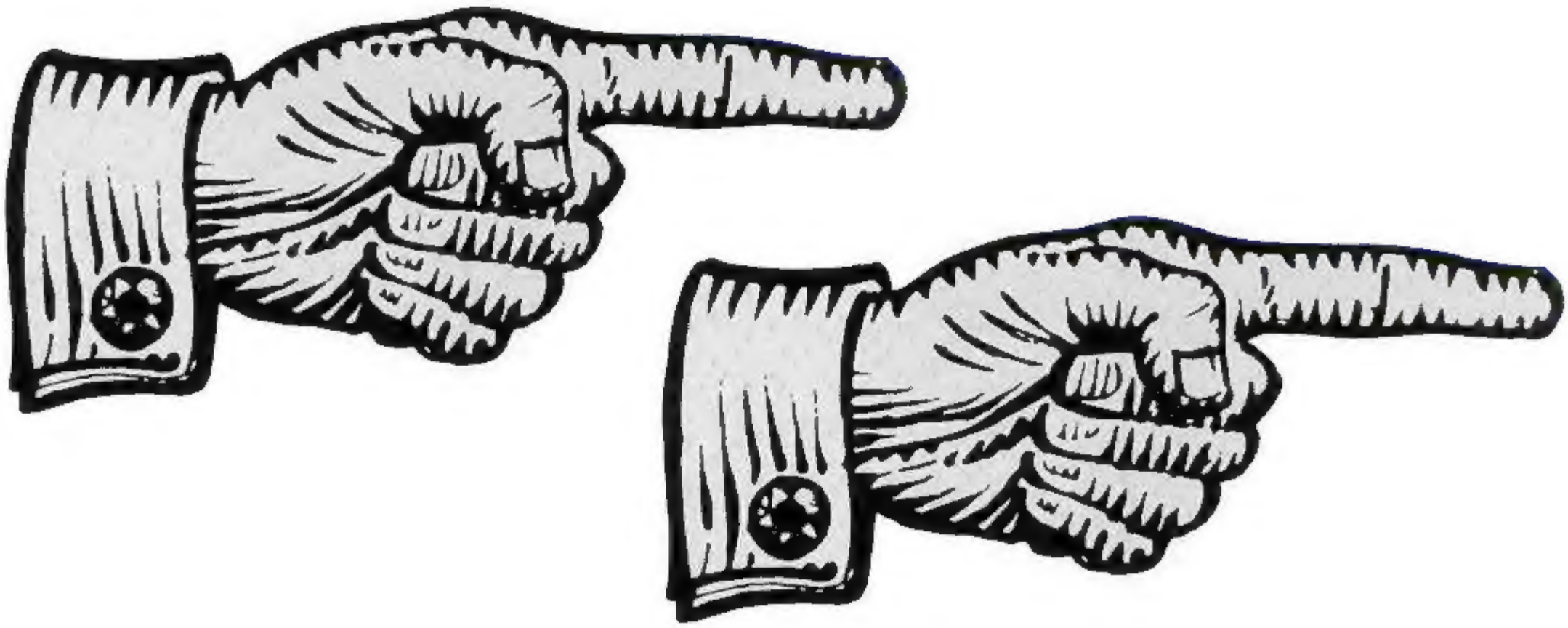
G'night, Bergen!

DULLTON MTN.

And that's what it was like on a typical, sickeningly-sweet day, livin' at the foot of Dullton Mountain! Sometimes, I'd wish we weren't so polite to each other! By the time we'd all get through sayin' "G'night!", it'd be MORNIN' already . . . *yawn* . . .

Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHAT IS BELIEVING IN HONEST POLITICIANS LIKE?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Many naive people still believe that most Politicians are honest, that they have integrity, and that their main concern and motivation is to "serve the people". If you believe in that, you're off your rocker! To find out what believing in that is like, fold in page.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

LATELY, POLITICIANS CRY THAT CRITICS STRIKE BELOW THE BELT. SOME PRETEND MARTYRDOM, GRIEVING IN SANCTIMONIOUS SELF-PITY. OTHERS PRODUCE DATA CLAIMING EVERYTHING THEY DID WAS GOOD FOR US.

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A▸ ◂B

WHAT IS BELIEVING IN HONEST POLITICIANS LIKE?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

LIKE BELIEVING IN SANTA CLAUS.

A▸◂B

ANOTHER
MAD
MINI-
POSTER
HEADS...YOU LOSE!